

P O E M S  
AND  
TRANSLATIONS,  
WITH THE  
SOPHY.

---

Written by the Honourable  
Sir JOHN DENHAM  
Knight of the *Bath*.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *H. Herringman* at the Sign of the  
*Blew-Anchor* in the *Lower-Walk* of the  
*New-Exchange*. 1668.

THE

OF

WITH THE

SOPHY.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON, JR.

Author of the

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# To the King.

*Sir,*

**A**fter the delivery of your Royal Father's Person into the hands of the Army, I undertaking to the Queen Mother, that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me, and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen (his Majesty having been long kept in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his Affairs: But Sir, I will not lanch into a History, instead of an Epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of my self, which was that he had seen some Verses of mine the evening before (being those to Sir R. Fanshaw) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three

A 2 years

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, He was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more, alleging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their Fancy that way, but when they were thought fit for more serious Employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look, as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his Letters from and to all his Correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnished with nine several Cyphers in order to it: Which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowleys hand,

### The Epistle Dedicatory.

*I happily escaped both for my self, and those that held correspondence with me; that time was too hot and busie for such idle speculations, but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your Majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your Majesties expectation.*

*After, when your Majesty departing from St. Germainys to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over Poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old Masters commands till this Summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of Forreign invasion, and domestic discontent gave us: But these clouds being now happily blown over, and our Sun  
clearly*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the Epidemical disease of age; which is apt to fall back into the follies in youth, yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato did the same, and Scaliger saith that Fragment of Aristotle, was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for those Epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after, for what Author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great name of some eminent Patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leafe should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had Your Majesties view, and having past the Test of so cleer and sharp-sighted a Judgment, which has as good a Title to give Law in Matters of this Nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from Your Majesty, will do  
more

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*more wrong to their own Judgment, then their Judgment can do to me: And for those latter Parts which have not yet received Your Majesties favourable Aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own Judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices, till their vices forsake them; and that this Divorce was not Frigiditatis causâ, but an Act of Choice, and not of Necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an humble Petition, that Your Majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old Mistress, and my disobedience to his Commands, to whose memory I look up with great Reverence and Devotion, and making a serious reflection upon that wise Advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given, for when age and experience has so ripened mans discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or publick Affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty, airy  
repu-*

**The Epistle Dedicatory.**

*reputation of being Nimis Poeta, and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my Predecessors did, saying*

**Splendidis longum vale dico nugis,  
Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.**

**Your Majesties most faithful  
and loyal Subject, and most  
dutiful and devoted servant**

*Jo. Denham.*

# THE T A B L E.

<b>C</b> oopers Hill.	1
The Destruction of Troy, an Essay on the second Book of Virgil's <i>Æneis</i> .	31
On the Earl of Strafford's Tryal and Death.	65
On my Lord Croft's and my Journey into Poland, from whence we brought 10000 <i>l</i> . for his Majesty by the Decima- tion of his Scottish Subjects there.	67
On Mr. Tho. Killigrew's return from his Embassie from Ve- nice, and Mr. William Murry's from Scotland.	70
To Sir John Mennis, being invited from Calice to Bologna to eat a Pig.	73
Natura Naturata.	76
Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus in the 12. of Homer.	78
Martial. Epigram. Out of an Epigram of Martial.	80
Friendship and single life against Love and Marriage.	82
On Mr. Abraham Cowley his death and burial amongst the Ancient Poets.	89
A Speech against Peace at the Close Committee.	95
To the five Members of the honourable House of Commons. The Humble Petition of the Poets.	101
A Western Wonder.	105
A second Western Wonder.	107
News from Colchester, or, A proper new Ballad of certain Carnal passages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horsly near Colchester in Essex.	109
A Song.	115
On Mr. John Fletchers Works.	116
To Sir Richard Fanshawe upon his Translation of Pastor Fido.	119
	A

# The Table:

<i>A Dialogue between Sir John Pooley and Mr. Thomas Killigrew.</i>	121
<i>An occasional imitation of a modern Author upon the Game of Chess.</i>	126
<i>The Passion of Dido for Æneas.</i>	128
<i>Of Prudence.</i>	147
<i>Of Justice.</i>	163
<i>The Progress of Learning.</i>	172
<i>The Sophy, a Tragedy.</i>	



# Coopers Hill.

(dream  
**S**ure there are Poets which did never  
 Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the stream  
 Of *Helicon*, we therefore may suppose  
 Those made not Poets, but the Poets those,  
 And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the  
 So where the Muses & their train resort, (Court,  
*Parnassus* stands; if I can be to thee  
 A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.  
 B Nor

Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,  
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)  
 Through untrac't ways, and aery paths I fly,  
 More boundless in my Fancy than my eie: (space  
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the  
 That lies between, and first salutes the place  
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,  
 That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or sky,  
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud  
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,  
*Pauls*, the late theme of such a Muse M. W.

whose flight

Has bravely reach't and soar'd above thy  
 height :

(fire,  
 Now shalt thou stand though sword, or time, or  
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,  
 Secure, whilst thee the best of Poets sings,  
 Preserv'd from ruine by the best of Kings.

Under

Under his proud survey the City lies,  
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;  
 Whose state and wealth the business and the (crowd,  
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:  
 And is to him who rightly things esteems,  
 No other in effect than what it seems: (run  
 Where, with like hast, though several ways, they  
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;  
 While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,  
 Are each the others ruine, and increase;  
 As Rivers lost in Seas some secret vein  
 Thence reconveighs, there to be lost again.  
 Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!  
 To be at once secure, and innocent.

*Wind* for the next (where *Mars* with *Wind* for

*Venus* dwells.

Beauty with strength) above the Valley  
 swells

B 2 Into

Into my eye, and doth it self present  
 With such an easie and unforc't ascent,  
 That no stupendious precipice denies  
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes :  
 But such a Rise, as doth at once invite  
 A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.  
 Thy mighty Masters Embleme, in whose face  
 Sate meekness, heightned with Majestick Grace  
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud  
 To be the basis of that pompous load,  
 Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,  
 But *Atlas* only that supports the Sphears.  
 When Natures hand this ground did thus ad-  
 vance,  
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance ;  
 Mark't out for such a use, as if 'twere meant  
 T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.  
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,  
 Folly, or blindness only could refuse.

A Crown of such Majestick towrs doth Grace  
 The Gods great Mother, when her heavenly  
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast (race  
 Amongst that numerous, and Celestial host,  
 More *Hero's* than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fames  
 Immortal book record more noble names.  
 Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle  
 Owes the first Glory of so brave a pile,  
 Whether to *Cæsar*, *Albanaſſ*, or *Brute*,  
 The Brittish *Arthur*, or the Danish *Knute*,  
 (Though this of old no less contest did move,  
 Then when for *Homers* birth seven Cities strove)  
 (Like him in birth, thou should'ſt be like in fame  
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his Flame)  
 But whoſoere it was, Nature design'd  
 Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.  
 Not to recount thoſe ſeveral Kings, to whom  
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tombe,

(6)

But thee (great *Edward*) and thy greater son,

*Edward the third, and the Black Prince.*

(The lillies which his Father wore, he won)

And thy *Bellona*, who the Consort came

*Queen Philip.*

Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame,

She to thy Triumph led one Captive King,

*The Kings of France, and Scotland.*

And brought that son, which did the second bring.

Then didst thou found that Order (whither love Or victory thy Royal thoughts did move)

Each was a noble cause, and nothing less,

Than the design, has been the great success :

Which forraign Kings, and Emperors esteem

The second honour to their Diadem.

Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill,

To know as well, as power to act her will,

That

That from those Kings, who then thy captives  
 In after-times should spring a Royal pair (were,  
 Who should possess all that thy mighty power,  
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour ;  
 To whom their better Fate reserves what ere  
 The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquish'd fear ;  
 That blood, which thou and thy great Grandfire  
 And all that since these sister Nations bled, (shed,  
 Had been unspilt, had happy *Edward* known  
 That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.  
 When he that Patron chose, in whom are joyn'd  
 Souldier and Martyr, and his arms confin'd  
 Within the Azure Circle, he did seem  
 But to foretell, and prophesie of him, (joyn'd,  
 Who to his Realms that Azure round hath  
 Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.  
 That bound, which to the Worlds extreamest  
 Endless it self, its liquid arms extends ; (ends,

Nor doth he need those Emblemes which we  
But is himself the Souldier and the Saint. <sup>(paint,</sup>

Here should my wonder dwell, & here my praise,  
But my fixt thoughts my wandring eye betrays,  
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late  
A Chappel crown'd, till in the Common Fate,  
The adjoyning Abby fell : (may no such storm  
Fall on our times, where ruine must reform.)

Tell me (my Muse) what monstrous dire offence,  
What crime could any Christian King incense  
To such a rage? was't Luxury, or Lust?

Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? <sup>(more :</sup>  
Were these their crimes? they were his own much

But wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor,  
Who having spent the Treasures of his Crown,  
Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.

And yet this Act, to varnish o're the shame  
Of sacriledge, must bear devotions name.

No



No Crime so bold, but would be understood  
A real, or at least a seeming good.

Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,  
And free from Conscience, is a slave to Fame.

Thus he the Church at once protects, & spoils :  
But Princes swords are sharper than their stiles.

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,  
Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.

Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,

In empty, airy contemplations dwell ;

And like the block, unmoved lay : but ours,

As much too active, like the stork devours.

Is there no temperate Region can be known,

Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone ?

Could we not wake from that Lethargick dream,

But to be restless in a worse extream ?

And for that Lethargy was there no cure,

But to be cast into a Calenture ?

Can

Can knowledge have no bound, but must ad-  
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance? <sup>(vance</sup>  
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,  
 Than led by a false guide to erre by day?  
 Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand  
 What barbarous Invader sackt the land?  
 But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring  
 This desolation, but a Christian King;  
 When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears  
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,  
 What does he think our Sacrilege would spare,  
 When such th' effects of our devotions are?  
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, & fear,  
 Those for whats past, & this for whats too near:  
 My eye descending from the Hill, surveys <sup>(strays.</sup>  
 Where *Thames* amongst the wanton vallies <sup>*Thames,*</sup>  
*Thames*, the most lov'd of all the Oceans sons,  
 By his old Sire to his embraces runs,  
 Halting

Hasting to pay his tribute to the Sea,

Like mortal life to meet Eternity.

(hold,

Though with those streams he no resemblance

Whose foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold ;

His genuine, and less guilty wealth t' explore,

Search not his bottom, but survey his shore ;

Ore which he kindly spreads his spacious wing ,

And hatches plenty for th' ensuing Spring.

Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,

Like Mothers which their Infants overlay.

Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,

Like profuse Kings, resumes the wealth he gave.

No unexpected inundations spoyl

(toyl :

The mowers hopes, nor mock the plowmans

But God-like his unwearied Bounty flows ;

First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.

Nor are his Blessings to his banks confin'd,

But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind ;

When

When he to boast, or to disperse his stores  
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers  
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;  
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants  
 Cities in deserts, woods in Cities plants,  
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,  
 While his fair bosom is the worlds exchange.  
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
 My great example, as it is my theme! (dull,  
 Though deep, yet clear, 'though gentle, yet not  
 Strong without rage, without ore-flowing full.  
 Heaven her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,  
 Whose Fame in thine, like lesser Currents lost,  
 Thy Nobler streams shall visit *Jove's* aboads,  
 To shine amongst the Stars, and bath the Gods,  
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please  
 Us or her self, with strange varieties,

(For

(For things of wonder give no less delight  
 To the wise Maker's, than beholders sight.  
 Though these delights from several causes move  
 For so our children, thus our friends we love)  
 Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,  
 As well as that of sounds, from discords springs.  
 Such was the discord, which did first disperse  
 Form, order, beauty through the Universe ;  
 While driness moisture, coldness heat resists,  
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists.  
 While the steep horrid roughness of the Wood  
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.  
 Such huge extreams when Nature doth unite,  
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight  
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,  
 That had the self-<sup>Narcissus.</sup>enamour'd youth gaz'd here,  
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,  
 While he the bottom, not his face had seen.

But

But his proud head the aery Mountain hides  
 Among the Clouds; his shoulders, and his sides  
 A shady mantle cloaths; his curled brows  
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,  
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat :  
 The common fate of all that's high or great.  
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,  
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac't :  
 Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,  
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;  
 And in the mixture of all these appears  
 Variety, which all the rest indears.  
 This scene had some bold Greek, or Brittish Bard  
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard,  
 Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their Dames,  
 Their feasts, their revels, & their amorous flames  
 'Tis still the same, although their aery shape  
 All but a quick Poetick sight escape.  
 There

There *Fauna* and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts,  
 And thither all the horned hoast resorts,  
 To graze the ranker mead, that noble heard  
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd  
 Natures great Master-piece; to shew how soon  
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.  
 Here have I seen the King, when great affairs  
 Give leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,  
 Attended to the Chase by all the flower  
 Of youth, whose hopes a Nobler prey devour:  
 Pleasure with Praise, & danger, they would buy,  
 And with a foe that would not only fly.  
 The stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,  
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,  
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,  
 Where nor mans eye, nor heavens should invade  
 His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound  
 Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear doth wound:  
 Rouz'd

Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ears  
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear  
 Had given this false Alarm, but straight his view  
 Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.  
 Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,  
 All instruments, all Arts of ruine met ;  
 He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,  
 His winged heels, and then his armed head ;  
 With these t' avoid, with that his Fate to meet :  
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.  
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye  
 Has lost the chafers, and his ear the cry ;  
 Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler sense  
 Their disproportion'd speed does recompense.  
 Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent  
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.  
 Then tries his friends, among the baser herd,  
 Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd,

His



His safety seeks : the herd, unkindly wife,  
 Or chafes him from thence, or from him flies.  
 Like a declining States-man, left forlorn  
 To his friends pity, and pursuers scorn,  
 With shame remembers, while himself was one  
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.  
 Thence to the coverts, & the conscious Groves,  
 The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves ;  
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone  
 Prince of the soyl, and all the herd his own ;  
 And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim  
 Combat to all, and bore away the Dame ;  
 And taught the woods to ec cho to the stream  
 His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam.  
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife ;  
 So much his love was dearer than his life.  
 Now every leaf , and every moving breath  
 Presents a foe, and every foe a death.

C

Wearied,

Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last  
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,  
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear  
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.  
 And now too late he wishes for the fight  
 That strength he wasted in Ignoble flight :  
 But, when he sees the eager chase renew'd,  
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd :  
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more  
 Repents his courage, than his fear before ;  
 Finds that uncertain waies unsafest are,  
 And Doubt a greater mischief than Despair.  
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor  
     force,  
 Nor speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his course ;  
 Thinks not their rage so desperate t' assay  
 An Element more merciless than they.

But

But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood  
 Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for  
 blood.

So towards a Ship the oarfin'd Gallies ply,  
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or wind to fly,  
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare  
 Tempt the last fury of extream despair.

So fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,  
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for  
 And as a Hero, whom his baser foes (wounds.

In troops surround, now these assails, now those,  
 Though prodigal of life, disdains to die  
 By common hands; but if he can descry  
 Some nobler foes approach, to him he calls,  
 And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.

So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly  
 From his unerring hand, then glad to dy,

Proud

Proud of the wound, to it resigns his bloud,  
And stains the Crystal with a Purple floud.

This a more Innocent, and happy chase,  
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,  
Fair liberty pursu'd, and meant a Prey Runny Mead  
where was  
great Charter  
was first  
sealed.  
To lawless power, here turn'd, and  
stood at bay.

When in that remedy all hope was plac't  
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.  
Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein Magna  
Charita.  
the Crown

All marks of Arbitrary power lays down :

Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,

The happier stile of King and Subject bear :

Happy, when both to the same Center move,

When Kings give liberty, and Subjects love.

Therefore not long in force this Charter stood ;

Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in bloud.

The

The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,  
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave :  
 Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,  
 And even that power, that should deny, betray.  
 " Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles  
 " Not thank't, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts,  
     but spoils.

(hold,

Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could

First made their Subjects by oppression bold :

And popular sway, by forcing Kings to give

More than was fit for Subjects to receive,

Ran to the same extreams ; and one excess

Made both, by striving to be greater, less.

When a calm River rais'd with sudden rains,

Or Snows dissolv'd, oreflows th' adjoyning  
     Plains,

The Husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure

Their grædy hopes, and this he cau endure.

But if with Bays and Dams they strive to force  
 His channel to a new, or narrow course ;  
 No longer then within his banks he dwells,  
 First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells:  
 Stronger, and fiercer by restraint he roars,  
 And knows no bound, but makes his power his  
 shores.

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**FINIS.**

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ce

2.

THE  
DESTRUCTION  
OF  
TROY,  
AN  
ESSAY  
UPON THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
*VIRGILS ÆNEIS.*

---

Written in the Year 1636.

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LONDON,

Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman at the Sign  
of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of  
the New Exchange, 1667.

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DISSECTION

SECOND BOOK

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# THE PREFACE.

**H**ere are so few Translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserv'd pardon ; those who travel in that kind, being for the most part so unhappy , as to rob others, without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good Authors, without raising their own : Neither hath any Author been more hardly dealt withal than this our Master ; and the reason is evident, for, what is most excellent, is most inimitable ; and if even the worst

## The Preface.

thors are yet made worse by their Translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my Copy equal to the Original, nor (consequently) my self altogether guiltless of what I accuse others; but if I can do *Virgil* less injury than others have done, it will be, in some degree to do him right; and indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the only scope of this Essay, by opening this new way of translating this Author, to those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune makes fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it a vulgar error in translating Poets, to affect being *Fidus Interpretes*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of Fact, or matters of Faith: but whosoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate Language into Language, but Poësie into Poësie; & Poësie

## The Preface.

esie is of so subtile a spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate ; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput mortuum*, there being certain Graces and Happinesse peculiar to every Language, which gives life and energy to the words ; and whosoever offers at Verbal Translation, shall have the misfortune of that young Traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it : for the grace of the Latine will be lost by being turned into English words ; and the grace of the English, by being turned into the Latine Phrase. And as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain Garbs and Modes of speaking, which vary with the times ; the fashion of our clothes being not more subject to alteration, than that of our speech : and this I think *Tacitus* means, by that which he calls *Sermone[m] temporis istius auribus accommodatum*, the delight of change being as due to the  
curiosity

## The Preface.

curiosity of the ear, as of the eye ; and therefore if *Virgil* must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a man of this Nation, but as a man of this age ; and if this disguise I have put upon him (I wish I could give it a better name) sit not naturally and easily on so grave a person; yet it may become him better than that Fools-Coat wherein the French and Italian have of late presented him ; at least, I hope, it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger or less than the life, (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow Nature in all his proportions) Neither have I any where offered such violence to his sense, as to make it seem mine, and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our Language, or my Art were defective (but I rather suspect my self ; ) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him, hath left upon my thoughts;

### *The Preface.*

thoughts; so that if they are not his own Conceptions, they are at least the results of them; and if (being conscious of making him speak worse than he did almost in every line) I erre in endeavouring sometimes to make him speak better; I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve pardon, if not imitation.

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ARGU-

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# ARGUMENT.

**T**He first Book speaking of Æneas his voyage by Sea, and how being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who after the Feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy, which is the Argument of this Book.

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THE

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THE  
DESTRUCTION  
OF  
TROY,

An Essay on the Second BOOK  
of *Virgil's Æneis*.

W Hile all with silence & attention wait,  
Thus speaks *Æneas* from the bed of  
Madam, when you command us to review (State  
Our Fate, you make our old wounds bleed (anew  
And all those sorrows to my sence restore,  
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more :  
Not

Not the most cruel of Our conqu'ring Foes

So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,

As not to lend a tear, Then how can I

Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly

The sad remembrance? Now th' expiring night

And the declining Stars to rest invite;

Yet since 'tis your command, what you, so well

Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.

By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tyr'd,

The *Greeks*, so many Lives and years expir'd,

A Fabrick like a moving Mountain frame,

Pretending vows for their return; This, Fame

Divulges, then within the beasts vast womb

The choice and flower of all their Troops in-

In view the Isle of *Tenedos*, once high (tomb,

In fame and wealth, while *Troy* remain'd, doth lie,

(Now but an unsecure and open Bay)

Thither by stealth the *Greeks* their Fleet con-

(vey :  
We



We gave them gone, and to *Mycenæ* sail'd,  
 And *Troy* reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd ;  
 All through th' unguarded Gates with joy resort  
 To see the slighetd Camp, the vacant Port ;  
 Here lay *Ulysses*, there *Achilles*, here (there ;  
 The Battels joyn'd, the Grecian Fleet rode  
 But the vast Pile th' amazed vulgar views  
 Till they their Reason in their wonder lose ;  
 And first *Tymetes* moves, (urg'd by the Power  
 Of Fate, or Fraud) to place it in the Tower,  
 But *Capis* and the graver sort thought fit,  
 The *Greeks* suspected Present to commit  
 To Seas or Flames, at least to search and bore  
 The sides, & what that space contains t' explore ;  
 Th' uncertain Multitude with both engag'd,  
 Divided stands, till from the Tower, enrag'd  
*Laocoon* ran, whom all the crowd attends,  
 Crying, what desperat Frenzy's this? (oh friends)

D

To

To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat  
 But a design, their gifts but a deceit,  
 For our Destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,  
 Or from within by fraud, or from without  
 By force; yet know ye not *Ulysses* shifts?  
 Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.  
 (This said) against the *Horses* side, his spear  
 He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,  
 Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed  
 Groans, not his own; And had not Fate decreed  
 Our Ruine, We had fill'd with *Grecian* blood  
 The Place, Then *Troy* and *Priam's* Throne had  
 Mean while a fetter'd pris'ner to the King <sup>(stood;</sup>  
 With joyful shouts the *Dardan* Shepherds bring,  
 Who to betray us did himself betray,  
 At once the Taker, and at once the Prey,  
 Firmly prepar'd, of one Event secur'd,  
 Or of his Death or his Design assur'd.

The

at The *Trojan* Youth about the Captive flock,  
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.

, Now hear the *Grecian* fraud, and from this one  
Conjecture all the rest.

Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes

. On all the Troops that guarded him, he cries,

What Land, what Sea, for me what Fate attends?

Caught by my Foes, condemned by my Friends,

d Incens'd *Troy* a wretched Captive seeks

ed To sacrifice, a Fugitive, the Greeks,

To Pity, This Complaint our former Rage,

ad Converts, we now enquire his Parentage,

d; What of their Councils, or affairs he knew,

g, Then fearless, he replies, Great King to you

All truth I shall relate : Nor first can I

My self to be of *Grecian* birth deny,

And though my outward state, misfortune hath

Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my Faith.

D 2

You

You may by chance have heard the famous name  
 Of *Palimede*, who from old *Belus* came,  
 Whom, but for voting Peace, the *Greeks* pursue,  
 Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,  
 Yet mourn'd his death. My Father was his friend,  
 And me to his commands did recommend,  
 While **Laws** and **Councils** did his **Throne** sup-  
     port,  
 I but a youth, yet some Esteem and Port  
 We then did bear, till by *Ulysses* craft  
 (Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:  
 Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,  
 Till now disdaining his unworthy end  
 I could not silence my **Complaints**, but vow'd  
 - **Revenge**, if ever fate or chance allow'd  
 My wisht return to *Greece* ; from hence his hate,  
 From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear  
     date :

Old

Old guilt fresh malice gives ; The peoples ears  
 He fills with rumors, and their hearts with fears,  
 And then the Prophet to his party drew.  
 But why do I these thankless truths pursue ;  
 Or why defer your Rage ? on me, for all  
 The *Greeks*, let your revenging fury fall.  
*Ulysses* this, th' *Atride* this desire  
 At any rate. We straight are set on fire  
 (Unpractis'd in such Mysteries) to enquire  
 The manner and the cause, Which thus he told  
 With gestures humble, as his Tale was bold.  
 Oft have the *Greeks* (the siege detesting) tyr'd  
 With tedious war, a stoln retreat desir'd,  
 And would to heaven they had gone : But still  
 dismay'd  
 By Seas or Skies, unwillingly they stay'd,  
 Chiefly when this stupendious Pile was rais'd  
 Strange noises fill'd the Air, we all amaz'd

Dispatch *Eurypilus* to enquire our Fates  
 Who thus the sentence of the Gods relates,  
 A Virgins slaughter did the storm appease  
 When first towards *Troy* the *Grecians* took the  
 Seas,

Their safe retreat another *Grecians* blood  
 Must purchase; All, at this confounded stood:  
 Each thinks himself the Man, the fear on all  
 Of what, the mischief, but on one can fall:  
 Then *Calchas* (by *Ulysses* first inspir'd) (quir'd,  
 Was urg'd to name whom th' angry Gods re-  
 Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well  
 Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.

Ten days the Prophet in suspense remain'd,  
 Would no mans fate pronounce; at last con-  
 By *Ithacus*, he solemnly design'd (strain'd

Me for the Sacrifice; the people joyn'd

In glad consent, and all their common fear  
 Determine in my fate, the day drew near;  
 The sacred Rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd  
 With holy wreaths, Then I confess I found  
 The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,  
 Fled from my Guards, and in a muddy Lake  
 Amongst the Sedges all the night lay hid,  
 Till they their Sails had hoist (if so they did)  
 And now alas no hope remains for me  
 My home, my father and my sons to see,  
 Whom, they enrag'd, will kill for my Offence,  
 And punish for my guilt their Innocence.  
 Those Gods who know the Truths I now relate,  
 That faith which yet remains inviolate  
 By mortal men, By these I beg, redress  
 My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress.  
 And now true Pity in exchange he finds (binds.  
 For his false Tears, his Tongue, his hands un-  
 D 4 Then

Then spake the King, be Ours who ere thou art, Till  
 Forget the *Greeks*. But first the truth impart, By  
 Why did they raise, or to what use intend Af  
 This Pile ? to a Warlike, or Religious end ? De  
 Skilful in fraud, (his native Art) his hands Th  
 Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from Ou  
 bands. He

Ye pure Æthereal flames, ye Powers ador'd Fla  
 By mortal men, ye Altars, and the sword A  
 I scap'd ; ye sacred Fillets that involv'd Ho  
 My destin'd head, grant I may stand absolv'd TI  
 From all their Laws and Rites, renounce all A  
 name

Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim; ch  
 Only O *Troy*, preserve thy faith to me, T  
 If what I shall relate preserveth thee. T  
 From *Pallas* favour, all our hopes, and all V  
 Counsels, and Actions took Original, T  
 Till



art Till *Diomed* (for such attempts made fit  
 part By dire conjunction with *Ulysses* wit)  
 Assails the sacred Tower, the Guards they slay,  
 Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey  
 The fatal Image; straight with our success  
 Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express  
 Her just disdain, her flaming eyes did throw  
 Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow  
 A briny sweat, thrice brandishing her spear,  
 Her Statue from the ground it self did rear;  
 Then, that we should our Sacrilege restore  
 And reconveigh their Gods from *Argos* shore,  
*Chalcas* perswades, till then we urge in vain  
 The fate of *Troy*. To measure back the Main  
 They all consent, but to returnagen,  
 When re-inforc'd with aids of Gods and men.  
 Thus *Chalcas*, then instead of that, this Pile  
 To *Pallas* was design'd; to reconcile

Th'

Th' offended Power, and expiate our guilt,  
 To this vast height and monstrous stature built  
 Lest through your gates receiv'd, it might renew  
 Your vows to her, and her Defence to you.

But if this sacred gift you dis-esteem,  
 [them]  
 Then cruel Plagues (which heaven divert on  
 Shall fall on *Priams* State: but if the horse  
 Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,  
 A League 'gainst *Greece* all *Asia* shall contract;  
 Our Sons then suffering what their Sires would  
 act.

Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'recome,  
 A feigned tear destroys us, against whom  
*Tydides* nor *Achilles* could prevail,  
 Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.  
 This seconded by a most sad Portent  
 Which credit to the first imposture lent ;

*Laocoon,*

*Laocoon*, *Neptunes* Priest, upon the day  
 Devoted to that God, a Bull did slay,  
 When two prodigious serpents were descried,  
 Whose circling stroaks the Seas smooth face di-  
 vide;  
 Above the deep they raise their scaly Crests,  
 And stem the flood with their erected breasts,  
 Their winding tails advance and steer their  
 course,  
 And 'gainst the shore the breaking Billow force.  
 Now landing, from their brandisht tongues  
 there came  
 A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame:  
 Amaz'd we fly, directly in a line  
*Laocoon* they pursue, and first intwine  
 (Each preying upon on e) his tender sons,  
 Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,  
 They

They seiz'd, and with intangling folds em-  
 brac'd

His neck twice compassing, and twice his waist,  
 Their poy's'nous knots he strives to break, and  
 tear,

Whilst slime and bloud his sacred wreaths be-  
 smear,

Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged Bull  
 From th' Altar flies, and from his wounded skull  
 Shakes the huge Ax; the conqu'ring serpents fly  
 To cruel *Pallas* Altar, and there ly  
 Under her feet, within her shields extent;  
 We in our fears conclude this fate was sent  
 Justly on him, who struck the Sacred Oak  
 With his accursed Lance. Then to invoke  
 The Goddess, and let in the fatal horse  
 We all consent:

A spacious breach we make, & *Troys* proud wall  
 Built by the Gods, by our own hands doth fall;

Thus,

Thus, all their help to their own ruine give,  
Some draw with cords, and some the Monster  
drive

With Rolls and Leavers, thus our works it  
climbs,

Big with our fate, the youth with Songs and  
Rhimes,

Some dance, some hale the Rope ; at last let  
down

It enters with a thundering noise the Town.

Oh *Troy* the seat of Gods, in war renown'd ;

Three times it stuck, as oft the clashing sound

Of Arms was heard, yet blinded by the Power

Of Fate, we place it in the sacred Tower.

*Cassandra* then foretels th' event, but she

Finds no belief (such was the Gods decree.)

The Altars with fresh flowers we crown, & waft

In Feasts, that day, which was (alas) our last.

Now

Now by the revolution of the Skies,  
 Nights sable shadows from the Ocean rise,  
 Which heaven and earth, and the *Greek* frauds  
 The City in secure repose dissolv'd, (involv'd,  
 When from the Admirals high Poop appears  
 A light, by which the *Argive* Squadron Steers  
 Their silent course to *Iliums* well known Shore,  
 When *Synon* (sav'd by the Gods partial power)  
 Opens the horse, and through the unlockt doors  
 To the free Ayr the armed freight restores:  
*Ulysses, Stenelus, Tysander* slide  
 Down by a Rope, *Machaon* was their guide;  
*Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,*  
 And *Epews* who the frauds contriver was, (wine  
 The Gates they seize, the Guards with sleep and  
 Opprest, surprize, and then their forces joyn.  
 'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair  
 Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care  
 (The

(The Gods best gift) When bath'd in tears and  
 Before my face lamenting *Hector* stood, (blood  
 Such his aspect when soyl'd with bloody dust  
 Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet  
 were thrust  
 By his insulting Foe; O how transform'd!  
 How much unlike that *Hector* who return'd  
 Clad in *Achilles* spoils; when he, among  
 A thousand ships (like *Jove*) his Lightning flung;  
 His horrid Beard and knotted Tresses stood  
 Stiff with his gore, & all his wounds ran blood,  
 Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, The Joy,  
 The hope and stay of thy declining *Troy*;  
 What Region held thee, whence, so much desir'd,  
 Art thou restor'd to us consum'd and tir'd  
 With toyls and deaths; but what sad cause con-  
 founds  
 Thy once fair looks, or why appear those  
 wounds?

Re-

Regardless of my words, he no reply  
 Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,  
 Fly from the Flame, O Goddess-born, our walls  
 The *Greeks* possess, and *Troy* confounded falls  
 From all her Glories ; if it might have stood  
 By any Power, by this right hand it should.  
 What Man could do, by me for *Troy* was done,  
 Take here her Reliques and her Gods, to run  
 With them thy Fate, with them new Walls expect,  
 Which, tost on Seas, thou shalt at last erect ;  
 Then brings old *Vesta* from her sacred Quire,  
 Her holy Wreaths, and her eternal Fire. (found  
 Mean while the Walls with doubtful cries re-  
 From far (for shady coverts did surround  
 My Fathers house) approaching still more near  
 The clash of Arms, and voice of men we hear :

Rowz'd



Rowz'd from my Bed, I speedily ascend  
 The house's top, and listning there attend,  
 As flames rowl'd by the winds conspiring force,  
 Ore full-ear'd Corn, or Torrents raging course  
 Bears down th' opposing Oaks, the fields de-  
 stroys  
 And mocks the Plough-mans toil, th' unlookt  
 for noise  
 From neighb'ring hills, th' amazed Shepherd  
 hears ;  
 Such my surprise, and such their rage appears,  
 First fell thy house *Ucalegon*, then thine  
*Deiphobus*, *Sigean* Seas did shine  
 Bright with *Troys* flames, the Trumpets dread-  
 ful sound,  
 The louder groans of dying men confound.  
 Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw  
 My self'mongst any that oppos'd the Foe :

E

Rage,

Rage, anger, and Despair at once suggest  
 That of all Deaths, to die in Arms was best.  
 The first I met was *Panthus*, *Phæbus* Priest,  
 Who scaping with his Gods and Reliques fled,  
 And towards the shore his little Grandchild led;  
*Panthus*, what hope remains ? what force ? what  
     place  
 Made good ? but sighing, he replies (alas)  
*Trojans* we were, and mighty *Ilium* was ;  
 But the last period and the fatal hour  
 Of *Troy* is come : Our Glory and our Power  
 Incensed *Jove* transfers to Grecian hands,  
 The foe within, the burning Town commands ;  
 And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force  
 Breaks from the bowels of the fatal Horse :  
 Insulting *Synon* flings about the flame,  
 And thousands more than e're from *Argos* came

Possess O

Possess the Gates, the Passes and the Streets,  
 And these the sword oretakes, & those it meets,  
 The Guard nor fights nor flies, Their fate so  
 near

At once suspends their Courage and their Fear.

Thus by the Gods, and by *Otrides* words

Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through  
 swords,

Where Noises, Tumults, Out-cries and Alarms

I heard, first *Iphitus* renown'd for Arms

We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did  
 shine)

Then *Ripheus*, *Hippanis* and *Dymas* joyn

Their force, and young *Choræbus* *Mygdons* son,

Who, by the Love of fair *Cassandra*, won,

Arriv'd but lately in her Fathers Ayd

Unhappy, whom the Threats could not dis-  
 swade

Of his Prophetick Spouse ;

E 2

Whom,

Whom, when I saw, yet daring to maintain  
 The fight, I said, Brave Spirits (but in vain)  
 Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares  
 Tempt all extreams? The state of Our affairs  
 You see : The Gods have left us, by whose aid  
 Our Empire stood ; nor can the flame be staid :  
 Then let us fall amidst Our Foes ; this one  
 Relief the vanquisht have, to hope for none.  
 Then re-inforc'd, as in a stormy night  
 Wolves urged by their raging appetite  
 Forrage for prey, which their neglected young  
 With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among  
 Foes, Fire and Swords, t' assured death we pass,  
 Darkness our Guide, Despair our Leader was.  
 Who can relate that Evenings woes and spoils,  
 Or can his tears proportion to our Toils !  
 The City, which so long had flourish'd, falls ;  
 Death triumphs o're the Houses, Temples, Wall  
 No

Nor only on the *Trojans* fell this doom,  
 Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume;  
 And now the Victors fall, on all sides, fears,  
 Groans and pale Death in all her shapes appears:  
*Androgeus* first with his whole Troop was cast  
 Upon us, with civility misplac't;  
 Thus greeting us you lose by your delay,  
 Your share both of the honour and the prey,  
 Others the spoils of burning *Troy* convey  
 Back to those ships, which you but now forsake;  
 We making no return; his sad mistake  
 Too late he finds: As when an unseen Snake  
 A Travellers unwary foot hath prest,  
 Who trembling starts, when the Snake's azure  
 Crest,  
 Swoln with his rising Anger, he espies,  
 So from our view surpriz'd *Androgeus*

But here an easie victory we meet :  
 Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet,  
 Whilst Fortune, our first Enterprize, did aid,  
 Encourag'd with success, *Choræbus* said,  
 O Friends, we now by better Fates are led,  
 And the fair Path they lead us, let us dread:  
 First change your Arms, and their distinctions  
     bear ;  
 The same, in foes, Deceit and Vertue are.  
 Then of his Arms, *Androgeus* he divests,  
 His Sword, his Shield he takes, and plumed  
     Crests,  
 Then *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, and the rest, All glad  
 Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.  
 Thus mixt, with Greeks, as if their Fortune still  
 Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.  
 Some re-ascend the Horse, and he whose fides  
 Let forth the valiant, now, the Coward hides.

Some

Some, to their safer Guard, their Ships, retire ;

But vain's that hope, 'gainst which the Gods  
conspire :

Behold the Royal Virgin, The Divine

*Cassandra*, from *Minerva's* fatal shrine

(vain,  
Dragg'd by the hair, casting tow'ards heaven in

Her Eyes; for Cords her tender hands did strain:

*Choræbus* at the spectacle enrag'd,

Flies in amidst the foes : we thus engag'd,

To second him, amongst the thickest ran ;

Here first our ruine from our friends began,

Who from the Temples Battlements a shower

Of Darts and Arrows on our heads did powr :

They, us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who  
knew

*Cassandra's* rescue) us for Trojans slew.

Then from all parts *Ulysses*, *Ajax*, then,

And then th' *Atride* rally all their men ;

As

As winds, that meet from several Coasts, contest,  
 Their prisons being broke, the South and West,  
 And *Enrus* on his winged Coursers born  
 Triumphant in their speed, the woods are torn,  
 And chasing *Nereus* with his *Trident* throws  
 The billows from their bottom ; Then all those  
 Who in the dark our fury did escape,  
 Returning, know our borrowed Arms and shape  
 And diff'ring Dialect : Then their numbers  
     swell  
 And grow upon us ; first *Choræbus* fell  
 Before *Minerva's* Altar, next did bleed  
 Just *Ripheus*, whom no Trojan did exceed  
 In virtue, yet the Gods his fate decreed.  
 Then *Hippanis* and *Dymas* wounded by  
 Their friends ; nor thee *Panthus* thy Piety,  
 Nor consecrated Mitre, from the same  
 Ill fate could save ; My Countreys funeral flame

And



And *Troys* cold ashes I attest, and call  
 To witness for my self, That in their fall  
 No Foes, no Death, nor Danger I declin'd  
 Did, and deserv'd no less, my Fate to find.  
 Now *Iphitus* with me, and *Pelias*  
 Slowly retire, the one retarded was  
 By feeble Age, the other by a wound,  
 To Court the Cry directs us, where We found  
 Th' Assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,  
 And all the rest secure from foes or fear :  
 The Greeks the Gates approach'd, their Tar-  
 gets cast,  
 Over their heads, some scaling ladders plac'd  
 Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,  
 And with their shields on their left Arms de-  
 fend  
 Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast  
 The Battlement ; on them the Trojans cast  
 Stones,

Stones, Rafters, Pillars, Beams, such Arms as  
these,

Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.

The gilded Roofs, the marks of ancient state

They tumble down, and now against the Gate

Of th' Inner Court their growing force they  
bring,

Now was Our last effort to save the King.

Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.

A Private Gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,

Not to the Foe yet known, or not observ'd,

(The way for *Hectors* hapless Wife reserv'd,

When to the aged King, her little son

She would present) Through this we pass and

Up to the highest Battlement, from whence

The Trojans threw their darts without offence.

A Tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,

Stood on the Roof, fram whence we could de-  
scry

All

All *Ilium*----both the Camps, the Grecian Fleet;  
 This, where the Beams upon the Columns meet,  
 We loosen, which like Thunder from the Cloud  
 Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud.

But others still succeed : mean time, nor stones  
 Nor any kind of weapons cease.

Before the Gate in gilded Armour, shone

Young *Pyrrhus*, like a Snake his skin new grown,

Who fed on poy's'nous herbs, all winter lay

Under the ground, and now reviews the day

Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,

Rowls up his Back, and brandishes his tongue,

And lifts his scaly breast against the Sun;

With him his Fathers Squire, *Antomedon*

And *Periphas* who drove his winged steeds,

Enter the Court ; whom all the youth succeeds

Of *Scyros* Isle, who flaming firebrands flung

Up to the roof, *Pyrrhus* himself among

The

The formost with an Axe an entrance hews  
 Through beams of solid Oak, then freely views  
 The Chambers, Galleries, and Rooms of State,  
 Where *Priam* and the ancient Monarchs fate.  
 At the first Gate an Armed Guard appears ;  
 But th' Inner Court with horror, noise and  
     tears  
 Confus'dly fill'd, the womens shrieks and cries  
 The Arched Vaults re-eccho to the skies ;  
 Sad Matrons wandring through the spacious  
     Rooms  
 Embrace and kiss the Posts : Then *Pyrrhus*  
     comes  
 Full of his Father, neither Men nor Walls  
 His force sustain, the torn Port-cullis falls,  
 Then from the hinge, their strokes the Gates  
     divorce,

And where the way they cannot find, they force:  
 Not with such rage a Swelling Torrent flows

Above

Above his banks, th' opposing Dams orethrows,  
 Depopulates the Fields, the Cattel, Sheep,  
 Shepherds, and folds the foaming Surges sweep.  
 And now between two sad extreame I stood,  
 Here *Pyrrhus* and th' *Atride* drunk with blood,  
 There th' hapless Queen amongst an hundred  
     Dames,  
 And *Priam* quenching from his wounds those  
     flames  
 Which his own hands had on the Altar laid :  
 Then they the secret Cabinets invade,  
 Where stood the Fifty Nuptial Beds, the hopes  
 Of that great Race, the Golden Posts whose tops  
 Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolisht lay,  
 Or to the foe, or to the fire a Prey.  
 Now *Priam's* fate perhaps you may enquire,  
 Seeing his Empire lost, his *Troy* on fire,  
 And his own Palace by the Greeks possest,  
 Arms, long disus'd, his trembling limbs invest ;  
   Thus

Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,  
 Not for their Fate, but to provoke his own :  
 There stood an Altar open to the view  
 Of Heaven, near which an aged Lawrel grew,  
 Whose shady arms the household Gods embrac'd;  
 Before whose feet the Queen her self had cast,  
 With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,  
 As Doves whom an approaching tempest drives  
 And frights into one flock ; But having spy'd  
 Old *Priam* clad in youthful Arms, she cry'd,  
 Alas my wretched husband, what pretence  
 To bear those Arms, and in them what defence ?  
 Such aid such times require not, when again  
 If *Hector* were alive, he liv'd in vain ;  
 Or here We shall a Sanctuary find,  
 Or as in life, we shall in death be joyn'd.  
 Then weeping, with kind force held & embrac'd  
 And on the sacred seat the King she plac'd ;

Mean

Mean while *Polites* one of *Priams* sons  
 Flying the rage of bloody *Pyrrhus*, runs  
 Through foes & swords, & ranges all the Court  
 And empty Galleries, amaz'd and hurt,  
*Pyrrhus* pursues him, now oretakes, now kills,  
 And his last blood in *Priams* presence spills.  
 The King (though him so many deaths inclose)  
 Nor fear, nor grief, but Indignation shows ;  
 The Gods requite thee (if within the care  
 Of those alone th' affairs of mortals are)  
 Whose fury on the son but lost had been,  
 Had not his Parents Eyes his murder seen :  
 Not That *Achilles* (whom thou feign'st to be  
 Thy Father) so inhumane was to me ;  
 He blusht, when I the rights of Arms implor'd ;  
 To me my *Heſtor*, me to *Troy* reſtor'd :  
 This ſaid, his feeble Arm a Javelin flung, (rung.  
 Which on the ſounding ſhield, ſcarce entring,  
 Then

Then *Pyrrhus* ; go a messenger to Hell  
 Of my black deeds, and to my Father tell  
 The Acts of his degenerate Race. So through  
 His Sons warm blood, the trembling King he  
     drew  
 Toth' Altar ; in his hair one hand he wreaths ;  
 His sword, the other in his bosom sheaths.  
 Thus fell the King, who yet surviv'd the State,  
 With such a signal and peculiar Fate.  
 Under so vast a ruine not a Grave,  
 Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have : (proud  
 He, whom such Titles swell'd, such Power made  
 To whom the Scepters of all *Asia* bow'd,  
 On the cold earth lies th' unregarded King,  
 A headless Carcase, and a nameless Thing.

---

FINIS.



On the *Earl of Strafford's Tryal and Death.*

Great *Strafford!* worthy of that Name,  
 though all  
 Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,  
 Cruelty by Imaginary Treasons weight,  
 Which too much Merit did accumulate:  
 As Chymists Gold from Brasse by fire would  
 draw,  
 Pretences are into Treason forg'd by Law.  
 His Wisdom such, at once it did appear  
 Three Kingdoms wonder, and three Kingdoms  
 fear;  
 Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, al-  
 though  
 Each had an Army, as an equal Foe.

Such

Such was his force of Eloquence, to make  
 The Hearers more concern'd than he that spake;  
 Each seem'd to act that part, he came to see,  
 And none was more a looker on than he :  
 So did he move our passion, some were known  
 To wish for the defence, the Crime their own.  
 Now private pity strove with publick hate,  
 Reason with Rage, and Eloquence with Fate :  
 Now they could him, if he could them forgive ;  
 He's not too guilty, but too wise to live ; (bore,  
 Lest seem those Facts which Treasons Nick-name  
 Than such a fear'd ability for more.  
 They after death their fears of him express.  
 His Innocence, and their own guilt confess.  
 Their Legislative Frenzy they repent ;  
 Enacting it should make no President. (lose  
 This Fate he could have escap'd, but would not  
 Honour for Life, but rather nobly chose  
 Death

Death from their fears, then safety from his own;  
That his last Action all the rest might crown.

*On my Lord Croft's and my Journey into Poland,  
from whence we brought 10000 l. for his Ma-  
jesty by the Decimation of his Scottish Subjects  
there.*

1. **T**Ole, tole,  
Gentle Bell, for the Soul  
Of the pure ones in *Pole*,  
Which are damned in our Scroul ;
2. Who having felt a touch  
Of *Cockram's* greedy Clutch,  
Which though it was not much,  
Yet their stubbornness was such,
3. That when we did arrive,  
'Gainst the stream we did strive;  
They would neither lead, nor drive :
4. Nor lend  
An Ear to a Friend,  
Nor an answer would send  
To our Letter so well penn'd.
5. Nor

5. Nor assist our affairs,  
 With their Monies nor their Wares,  
 As their answer now declares,  
 But only with their Prayers.

6. Thus they did persist,  
 Did and said what they list,  
 Till the Dyet was dismiss;  
 But then our Breech they kist.

7. For when  
 It was mov'd there and then  
 They should pay one in ten,  
 The Dyet said Amen.

8. And because they are loth  
 To discover the troth,  
 They must give word and Oath,  
 Though they will forfeit both.

9. Thus the Constitution  
 Condemns them every one,  
 From the Father to the Son.

10. But *John*  
 (Our Friend) *Molleffon*,  
 Thought us to have out-gone  
 With a quaint Invention

11. Like

11. Like the Prophets of yore,  
He complain'd long before,  
Of the Mischiefs in store,  
I, and thrice as much more.
12. And with that wicked Lye  
A Letter they came by,  
From our Kings Majesty.
13. But Fate  
Brought the Letter too late,  
'Twas of too old a date,  
To relieve their damned State.
14. The Letter's to be seen,  
With seal of Wax so green,  
At *Dantzige*, where t'as been  
Turn'd into good Latin.
15. But he that gave the hint,  
This Letter for to Print,  
Must also pay his stint.
16. That trick,  
Had it come in the Nick,  
Had touch'd us to the quick,  
But the Messenger fell sick.

17: Had it later been wrought,  
 And sooner been brought,  
 They had got what they fought,  
 But now it serves for nought.

18. On *Sandys* they ran aground,      Mr. *W.*  
 And our return was crown'd  
 With full ten thousand pound.

On Mr. *Tho. Killigrew's* Return from his Em-  
 bassie from *Venice*, and Mr. *William Murry's*  
 from *Scotland*.

## 1.

O Ur Resident *Tom*,  
 From *Venice* is come,  
 And hath left the Statesman behind him;  
 Talks at the same pitch,  
 Is as wise, is as rich,  
 And just where you left him, you find him.

## 2.

But who says he was not,  
 A man of much Plot,      May

May repent that false Accusation ;

Having plotted and penn'd

Six plays to attend

The Farce of his Negotiation.

3.

Before you were told

How *Satan* the old

Mr. W. Murrey.

Came here with a Beard to his middle ;

Though he chang'd face and name,

Old *Will* was the same,

At the noise of a Can and a Fiddle.

4.

These Statesmen you believe

Send straight for the Sheriffe,

For he is one too, or would be ;

But he drinks no Wine,

Which is a shrewd sign

That all's not so well as it should be.

F 4

These

These three when they drink,  
 How little do they think  
 Of Banishment, Debts, or dying?  
 Not old with their years,  
 Nor cold with their fears;  
 But their angry Stars still defying,

Mirth makes them not mad,  
 Nor Sobriety sad;  
 But of that they are seldom in danger:  
 At *Paris*, at *Rome*,  
 At the *Hague* they are at home;  
 The good Fellow is no where a stranger,



To Sir John Mennis being invited from  
Calice to Bologne to eat a Pig.

1.

ALL on a weeping *Monday*,  
With a fat *Bulgarian* Sloven,  
Little Admiral *John*  
To *Bologne* is gone

Whom I think they call old *Loven*.

2.

Hadst thou not thy fill of Carting    We three riding in  
a Cart from *Dun-*  
With *Aubrey* Count of *Oxon*!    kirk to *Calice* with  
a fat Dutch Woman  
who broke wind all  
When Nose lay in Breech    along.  
And Breech made a Speech,

So often cry'd a Pox on.

3.

To A Knight by Land and Water  
Esteem'd at such a high rate,

When

(74)

When 'tis told in *Kent*,  
In a Cart that he went,  
They'll say now hang him Pirate.

4.

Thou might'st have ta'en example,  
From what thou read'st in story ;  
Being as worthy to sit  
On an ambling Tit,  
As thy Predecessor *Dory*.

5.

But Oh ! the roof of Linnen,  
Intended for a shelter !  
But the Rain made an As  
Of Tilt of Canvas ;  
And the Snow which you know is a Melter.

6.

But with thee to inveigle,  
That tender stripling, *Astcor*

Who

((73))

Who was soak'd to the skin,  
Through Drugget so thin,  
Having neither Coat, nor Waistcoat;

7.

He being proudly mounted,  
Clad in Cloak of *Plymouth*,  
Defy'd Cart so base,  
For Thief without Grace,  
That goes to make a wry-mouth.

8.

Nor did he like the Omen,  
For fear it might be his doom,  
One day for to sing,  
With Gullet in string,  
A Hymne of *Robert Wisdom*:

9.

But what was all this business?  
For sure it was important:

For

For who rides i'th' wet,  
 When affairs are not great,  
 The neighbors make but a sport on't.

IO.

To a goodly fat Sow's Baby ,  
 O *John*, thou had'st a malice,  
 The old driver of Swine  
 That day sure was thine,  
 Or thou hadst not quitted *Calice*.

*Natura Naturata.*

**W**Hat gives us that Fantastick Fit ,  
 That all our Judgment and our Wit  
 To vulgar custom we submit ?  
 Treason, Theft, Murther, all the rest  
 Of that foul Legion we so detest,  
 Are in their proper names exprest.  
 Why is it then sought sin or shame,  
 Those necessary parts to name,

From

From whence we went, and whence we came ?

Nature, what ere she wants, requires ;

With Love enflaming our desires,

Finds Engines fit to quench those fires :

Death she abhors ; yet when men die,

We are present ; but no stander by

Looks on when we that loss supply :

Forbidden Wares sell twice as dear ;

Even Sack prohibited last year,

A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,

Only to raise by that device,

Of those Commodities the price.

Thus Reason's shadows us betray

By Tropes and Figures led astray,

From Nature, both her Guide and way.

Sarpedon's

Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus in the 12<sup>th</sup>  
of Homer.

Thus to *Glaucus* spake

**D**ivine *Sarpedon*, since he did not find  
Others as great in Place, as great in Mind.  
Above the rest, why is our Pomp, our Power ?  
Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more ?  
Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords  
Heap'd in great Chargers, load our sumptuous  
boards ?  
Our chearful Guests carowse the sparkling tears  
Of the rich Grape, whilst Musick charms their  
ears.  
Why as we pass, do those on *Xanthus* shore,  
As Gods behold us, and as Gods adore ?  
But that as well in danger, as degree,  
We stand the first ; that when our *Lycians* see

Our

Our brave examples, they admiring say,  
Behold our Gallant Leaders! These are They  
Deserve the Greatness; and un-envied stand:  
Since what they act, transcends what they com-  
mand.

Could the declining of this Fate (oh friend)

Our Date to Immortality extend?

Or if Death fought not them, who seek not  
Death,

Would I advance? Or should my vainer breath  
With such a Glorious Folly thee inspire?

But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,

Since Age, Disease, or some less noble End,

Though not less certain, doth our days attend;

Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead,

A thousand ways the noblest path we'll tread;

And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,

A common Sacrifice to Honour fall.

*Martial.*

*Martial. Epigram.**Out of an Epigram of Martial.*

**P**Rithee die and set me free,  
Or else be

Kind and brisk, and gay like me ;  
I pretend not to the wise ones,  
To the grave, to the grave,  
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not Cheeks, nor Lips nor Eyes,  
That I prize ,  
Quick Conceits, or sharp Replies,  
If wise thou wilt appear, and knowing,  
*Repartie, Repartie*  
To what I'm doing.

Prithee



Prithee why the Room so dark?

Not a Spark

Left to light me to the mark;

I love day-light and a candle,

And to see, and to see,

As well as handle.

Why so many Bolts and Locks;

Coats and Smocks,

And those Drawers with a Pox?

I could wish, could Nature make it,

Nakedness, Nakedness

It self were naked.

But if a Mistress I must have,

Wife and grave,

Let her so her self behave

All the day long *Susan* Civil,

Pap by night, pap by night

Or such a Divil.

G

*Friendship*

*Friendship and single life against Love  
and Marriage.*

1. **L**ove ! in what poyson is thy Dart  
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart ?  
None know, but they who feel the smart.

2. It is not thou, but we are blind,  
And our corporeal eyes (we find)  
Dazle the Opticks of our Mind.

3. Love to our Cittadel resorts,  
Through those deceitful Sally-ports,  
Our Sentinels betray our Forts.

4. What subtle Witchcraft man constrains,  
To change his Pleasures into Pains,  
And all his freedom into Chains ?

5. May

5. May not a Prison, or a Grave  
Like Wedlock, Honour's title have?  
That word makes Free-born man a Slave.
6. How happy he that loves not, lives!  
Him neither Hope nor Fear deceives,  
To Fortune who no Hostage gives.
7. How unconcern'd in things to come!  
If here uneasie, finds at *Rome*,  
At *Paris*, or *Madrid* his Home.
8. Secure from low, and private Ends,  
His Life, his Zeal, his Wealth attends  
His Prince, his Country, and his Friends.
9. Danger, and Honour are his Joy;  
But a fond Wife, or wanton Boy,  
May all those Generous Thoughts destroy.

10. Then he lays by the publick Care,

Thinks of providing for an Heir ;

Learns how to get, and how to spare.

11. Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,

The Trojan Hero did affright,

Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

12. Though still his foes in number grew,

Thicker their Darts, and Arrows flew,

Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

13. But Death in all her forms appears,

From every thing he sees and hears,

For whom he leads, and whom he bears.

His Father  
and Son.

14. Love making all things else his Foes,

Like a fierce torrent overflows

Whatever doth his course oppose.

15. This

15. This was the cause the Poets sung,  
 Thy Mother from the Sea was sprung;  
 But they were mad to make thee young.

16. Her Father, not her Son, art thou :  
 From our desires our actions grow ;  
 And from the Cause the Effect must flow.

17. Love is as old as place or time ;  
 'Twas he the fatal Tree did climb,  
 Grandfire of Father *Adam's* crime.

18. Well mayst thou keep this world in awe,  
 Religion, Wisdom, Honour, Law,  
 The tyrant in his triumph draw;

19. 'Tis he commands the Powers above ;  
*Phæbus* resigns his Darts, and *Jove*  
 His Thunder to the God of Love.

20. To him doth his feign'd Mother yield,  
 Nor *Mars* (her Champions) flaming shield  
 Guards him, when *Cupid* takes the Field.

21. He clips hopes wings, whose aery blifs  
 Much higher than fruition is;  
 But less than nothing, if it misf.

22. When matches Love alone projects,  
 The Cause transcending the Effects,  
 That wild-fire's quencht in cold neglects.

23. Whilst those Conjunctions prove the best,  
 Where Love's of blindness dispossess,  
 By perspectives of Interest.

24. Though *Solomon* with a thousand wives,  
 To get a wife Successor strives,  
 But one (and he a Fool) survives.

25. Old

25. Old ~~Rome~~ of Children took no care,  
They with their Friends their beds did share,  
Secure, and adopt a hopeful Heir.
26. Love drownsie days, and stormy nights  
Makes, and breaks Friendship, whose delights  
Feed, but not glut our Appetites.
27. Well chosen Friendship, the most noble  
Of Vertues, all our joys makes double,  
And into halves divides our trouble.
28. But when the unlucky knot we tye,  
Care, Avarice, Fear, and Jealousie  
Make Friendship languish till it dye.
29. The Wolf, the Lyon, and the Bear  
When they their prey in pieces tear,  
To quarrel with themselves forbear.

30. Yet timorous Deer, and harmless Sheep  
 When Love into their veins doth creep,  
 That law of Nature cease to keep.

31. Who then can blame the Amorous Boy,  
 Who the Fair *Helen* to enjoy,  
 To quench his own, set fire on *Troy*?

32. Such is the worlds preposterous fate,  
 Amongst all Creatures, mortal hate  
 Love (though immortal) doth Create.

33. But Love may Beasts excuse, for they  
 Their actions not by Reason sway,  
 But their brute appetites obey.

34. But Man's that Savage Beast, whose mind  
 From Reason to self-Love declin'd,  
 Delights to prey upon his Kind.



ON

M<sup>r</sup> ABRAHAM COWLEY*His Death and Burial amongst the Ancient  
Poets.*

**O**Ld *Chancer*, like the morning Star,  
 To us discovers day from far,  
 His light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,  
 Which our dark Nation long involv'd;  
 But he descending to the shades,  
 Darkness again the Age invades.  
 Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* rose,  
 Whose purple blush the day foreshows;  
 The other three, with his own fires,  
*Phæbus*, the Poets God, inspires;  
 By *Shakespear's*, *Johnson's*, *Fletcher's* lines,  
 Our Stages lustre *Rome's* outshines:

These

These Poets neer our Princes sleep,  
 And in one Grave their Mansion keep;  
 They liv'd to see so many days,  
 Till time had blasted all their Bays:  
 But curst be the fatal hour  
 That pluckt the fairest, sweetest flower  
 That in the Muses Garden grew,  
 And amongst wither'd Lawrels threw.  
 Time, which made them their Fame outlive,  
 To *Cowly* scarce did ripeness give.  
 Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave  
*Shakespear* and *Fletcher* all they have;  
 In *Spencer*, and in *Johnson*, Art,  
 Of slower Nature got the start;  
 But both in him so equal are,  
 None knows which bears the happy'st share;  
 To him no Author was unknown,  
 Yet what he wrote was all his own;

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He melted not the ancient Gold,  
 Nor with *Ben Johnson* did make bold  
 To plunder all the *Roman* stores  
 Of Poets, and of Orators :  
*Horace* his wit, and *Virgil's* state,  
 He did not steal, but emulate,  
 And when he would like them appear,  
 Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear :  
 He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,  
 Like *Jason* brought the Golden Fleece ;  
 To him that Language (though to none  
 Of th' others) as his own was known.  
 On a stiff gale (as *Flaccus* sings) His Plin-  
daricks,  
 The *Theban* Swan extends his wings,  
 When through th' ætherial Clouds he flies,  
 To the same pitch our Swan doth rise ;  
 Old *Pindar's* flights by him are reacht,  
 When on that gale his wings are stretcht ;  
His

His fancy and his judgment such,  
 Each to the other seem'd too much,  
 His severe judgment (giving Law)  
 His modest fancy kept in awe :  
 As rigid Husbands jealous are,  
 When they believe their Wives too fair.  
 His English stream so pure did flow,  
 As all that saw, and tasted, know:  
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,  
 Strong, full, and high it doth appear,  
 That were immortal *Virgil* here,  
 Him, for his judge, he would not fear ;  
 Of that great Portraiture, so true  
 A Copy Pencil never drew.  
 My Muse her Song had ended here,  
 But both their Genii strait appear,  
 Joy and amazement her did strike,  
 Two Twins she never saw so like.

His last  
work.

Twas

**T**was taught by wife *Pythagoras*,

One Soul might through more Bodies pass ;

Seeing such Transmigration here,

She thought it not a 'Fable there.

Such a resemblance of all parts,

Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,

Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,

And shew the world this Parallel,

Fixt and contemplative their looks,

Still turning over Natures Books :

Their works chaste, moral, and divine,

Where profit and delight combine ;

They guilding dirt, in noble verse

Rustick Philosophy rehearse ;

When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings

They praise, on their exalted wings,

To the Celestial orbs they climb,

And with the Harmonious sphears keep time ;

Nor

Nor did their actions fall behind  
 Their words, but with like candour thin'd,  
 Each drew fair Characters, yet none  
 Of these they feign'd, excels their own ;  
 Both by two generous Princes lov'd,  
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd :  
 Yet having each the same desire,  
 Both from the busie throng retire ,  
 Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,  
 Car'd not to propagate their Kind :  
 Yet though both fell before their hour,  
 Time on their off-spring hath no power,  
 Nor fire, nor fate their Bays shall blast,  
 Nor Death's dark vail their day o'rcast.

Mr.

*A Speech against Peace at the close  
Committee.*

To the Tune of, *I went from England.*

**B**Ut will you now to Peace incline,  
And languish in the main design,  
And leave us in the lurch ?  
I would not Monarchy destroy,  
But only as the way to enjoy  
The ruine of the Church.

Is not the Bishops Bill deny'd,  
And we still threatned to be try'd ?  
You see the Kings embraces.  
Those Councils he approv'd before :  
Nor doth he promise, which is more,  
That we shall have their Places.

Did

Did I for this bring in the *scot* ?

(For 'tis no Secret now) the Plot

Was *Sayes* and mine together :

Did I for this return again,

And spend a Winter there in vain,

Once more to invite them hither ?

Though more our Money than our Cause

Their Brotherly assistance draws,

My labour was not lost.

At my return I brought you thence

Necessity, their strong Pretence,

And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my County bring

To help their Knight against their King,

And raise the first Sedition ?

Though I the business did decline,

Yet I contriv'd the whole Design,

And sent them their Petition.



So many nights spent in the City  
In that invifible Committee;

The Wheel that governs all.

From thence the Change in Church and State,  
And all the Mifchiefs bear the date

From *Haberdaſſers* Hall.

Did we force *Ireland* to deſpair,  
Upon the King to caſt the War,

To make the world abhor him:

Be cauſe the Rebels us'd his Name,  
Though we our ſelves can do the ſame,  
While both alike were for him?

Then the ſame fire we kindled here  
With that was given to quench it there,

And wiſely loſt that Nation:

To do as crafty Beggars uſe,  
To maim themſelves thereby to abuſe.

The ſimple man's compaſſion.

H

Have

Have I so often past between

*Windsor* and *Westminster* unseen,

And did my self divide :

To keep his Excellence in awe,

And give the Parliament the Law,

For they knew none beside ?

Did I for this take pains to teach

Our zealous Ignorants to Preach,

And did their Lungs inspire,

Gave them their Text, shew'd them their Parts,

And taught them all their little Arts,

To fling abroad the Fire ?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,

And say the Cavaliers are beaten,

To stroke the Peoples ears,

Then streight when Victory grows cheap,

And will no more advance the heap,

To raise the price of Feats,

And

And now the Book's and now the Bells,

And now our A&t the Preachers tells,

To edifie the People;

All our Divinity is News,

And we have made of equal use

The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And shall we kindle all this Flame

Only to put it out again,

And must we now give o're,

And only end where we begun?

In vain this Mischief we have done,

If we can do no more.

If men in Peace can have their right,

Where's the necessity to fight,

That breaks both Law, the Oath?

They'l say they fight not for the Cause,

Nor to defend the King and Laws,

But as against them both.

H 2

Either

Either the cause at first was ill,  
 Or being good it is so still ;  
 And thence they will infer,  
 That either now, or at the first  
 They were deceiv'd ; or which is worst,  
 That we our selves may erre.

But Plague and Famine will come in,  
 For they and we are near of kin,  
 And cannot go afunder :  
 But while the wicked starve, indeed  
 The Saints have ready at their need  
 Gods Providence and Plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,  
 And Gallant Villains if we fail,  
 When to our Fame 'tis told ;  
 It will not be our least of praise,  
 Sin' a new State we could not raise,  
 To have destroy'd the old.

Then

Then let us stay and fight, and vote,

Till *London* is not worth a Groat;

Oh 'tis a patient Beast!

When we have gall'd and tyr'd the Mule,

And can no longer have the rule,

We'll have the spoyl at least.

*To the five Members of the Honourable  
House of Commons.*

*The Humble Petition of the POETS.*

**A**fter so many Concurring Petitions  
From all Ages and Sexes, and all conditions,  
We come in the rear to present our Follies  
To *Pym, Stronde, Haslerig, H. and H.*  
Though set form of *Prayer* be an *Abomination*,  
Set forms of *Petitions* find great Approbation:

Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their  
souls,

So we from the depth and bottom of our *Bowls*,

According unto the blessed form you have  
taught us,

We thank you first for the *Ills* you have brought  
us,

For the *Good* we receive we thank him that  
gave it,

And you for the Confidence only to crave it.

Next in course, we Complain of the great *vio-  
lation*

Of *Priviledge* (like the rest of our Nation)

But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken

Which never had being, until they were broken:

But ours is a *Priviledge* Antient and Native,

Hangs not on an *Ordinance*, or power *Legislative*.

And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please

Without fear of a *Prison*, or *Pursuivants* fees.

Next, that we only may *lye* by Authority,

But in that also you have got the Priority.

Next

Next, an old Custom, our Fathers did name it  
*Poetical license*, and alwaies did claim it.

By this we have power to change Age into  
 Youth,

Turn *Non-sence* to Sence, and Falshood to Truth;

In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty,

This art some *Poet*, or the *Devil* has taught ye :

And this our Property you have invaded,

And a *Priviledge* of both Houses have made it :

But that trust above all in Poets reposed,

That *Kings* by them only are made and De-  
 posed,

This though you cannot do, yet you are  
 willing ;

But when we undertake Deposing or Killing,

They're *Tyrants* and *Monsters*, and yet then the  
 Poet

Takes full Revenge on the Villains that do it :

And when we resume a *Scepter* or a *Crown*,

We are Modest, and seek not to make it our  
own.

But is't not presumption to write Verses to you,

Who make the better *Poems* of the two?

For all those pretty Knacks you compose,

Alas, what are they but *Poems* in prose?

And between those and ours there's no difference,

But that yours want the rhyme, the wit and the  
sense:

But for lying (the most noble part of a *Poet*)

You have it abundantly, and your selves know it,

And though you are modest, and seem to abhor  
it,

'T has done you good service, and thank *Hell* for  
it!

Although the old Maxime remains still in force,

That a Sanctified Cause, must have a Sanctified  
Court.

If



If poverty be a part of our Trade,  
 So far the whole Kingdom ~~Poss~~ you have made,  
 Nay even so far as undoing will do it,  
 You have made *King Charles* himself a Poet:  
 But provoke not his Muse, for all the world  
 knows,  
 Already you have had too much of his *Prose*.

*A Western Wonder.*

**D**O you not know, not a fortnight ago,  
 How they brag'd of a Western wonder?  
 When a hundred and ten, slew five thousand  
 men,  
 With the help of Lightning and Thunder.  
 There *Hepion* was slain, again and again,  
 Or else my Author did lye;  
 With a new *Thanksgiving*, for the Dead who are  
 living,  
 To God, and his Servant *Chidleigh*. But

But now on which side was this Miracle try'd,

I hope we at last are even;

For Sir *Ralph* and his Knaves, are risen from  
their Graves,

To Cudge'l the Clowns of *Devon*.

And now *Stamford* came, for his Honour was  
lame

Of the Gout three months together ;

But it prov'd when they fought, but a running  
Gout,

For his heels were lighter then ever.

For now he out-runs his Arms and his Guns,

And leaves all his money behind him ;

But they follow after, unless he take water

At *Plymouth* again, they will find him.

What *Reading* hath cost, and *Stamford* hath lost,

Goes deep in the Sequestrations ;

These

These wounds will not heal, with your new  
Great Seal,

Nor *Jepsons* Declarations.

Now *Peters*, and *Cafe*, in your Prayer and Grace

Remember the new *Thanksgiving*;

*Isaac* and his Wife, now dig for your life,

Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

*A Second Western Wonder.*

**Y**OU heard of that wonder, of the *Light-*  
*ning* and *Thunder*,

Which made the lye so much the louder;

Now list to another, that Miracles Brother,

Which was done with a *Firkin* of powder.

Oh what a damp, struck through the Camp!

But as for honest Sir *Ralph*,

It blew him to the *Vies*, without beard, or eyes,

But at least three heads and a half.

When

When out came the book, which the *News-Monger* took

From the *Preaching Ladies Letter*,

Where in the first place, stood the *Conquerours* face,

Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him  
Bying,

At *Bristol* they say you may find him  
Great *William* the *Con* so fast he did run,  
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the *Post*, saves all that was lost,

But alas, we are past deceiving,  
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale

Might mount for a new *Thanksgiving*.

This made *Mr. Case*, with a pitiful face,

In the *Pulpit* to fall a weeping,

Though

Though his mouth utter'd *lies*, *truth* fell from  
his eyes,

Which kept the Lord *Mayor* from sleeping. 2

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,

For the Laws of your Cause, you that loath  
um,

Lest *Essex* should start, and play the *Second part*,

Of *Worshipful Sir John Hotham*.

*News from Colchester.*

Or, *A Proper new Ballad of certain Carnal  
passages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at  
Horsly near Colchester in Essex.*

*To the Tune of, Tom of Bedlam.*

1.

**A**LL in the Land of *Essex*,  
Near *Colchester* the Zealous,

On

On the side of a bank,

Was play'd such a Prank,

As would make a Stone-horse jealous:

2:

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Nailor*,

For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion,

Now alas what hope

Of converting the Pope,

When a Quaker turns *Italian*?

3.

Even to our whole profession]

A scandal 'twill be counted,

When 'tis talkt with disdain

Amongst the Profane,

How brother *Green* was mounted:

4.

And in the Good time of Christmas,

Which though our Saints have damn'd all,

Yet

Yet when did they hear

That a damn'd Cavalier

Ere play'd such a Christmas gambol?

## 5.

Had thy flesh, O *Green*, been pamper'd

With any Cates unhallow'd,

Hadst thou sweetned thy Gums

With Pottage of Plums,

Or prophane minc'd Pie hadst swallow'd,

## 6.

Roll'd up in wanton Swine's flesh,

The Fiend might have crept into thee;

Then fullness of gut

Might have caus'd thee to rut,

And the Devil have so rid through thee.

## 7.

But alas he had been feasted

With a Spiritual Collation,

By

(112)

By our frugal Mayor,  
Who can dine on a Prayer,  
And sup on an Exhortation.

8.

'Twas meer impulse of Spirit,  
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:

Filly Foal, quoth he,  
My Bride thou shalt be:  
And how this is lawful, learn all.

9.

For if no respect of Persons  
Be due 'mongst the Sons of *Adam*,  
In a large extent,  
Thereby may be meant

That a *Mare's* as good as a *Madam*.

10.

Then without more Ceremony,  
Not Bonnet veil'd, nor kist her,

But



But took her by force,  
 For better for worse,  
 And us'd her like a Sister.

## 11.

Now when in such a Saddle  
 A Saint will needs be riding,  
 Though we dare not say  
 'Tis a falling away,  
 May there not be some back-sliding?

## 12.

No surely, quoth *James Naylor*,  
 'Twas but an insurrection  
 Of the Carnal part,  
 For a Quaker in heart  
 Can never lose perfection.

## 13.

For (as our Masters teach us)  
 The intent being well directed,

*The Jesuites.*

Thought

Though the Devil trepan  
 The Adamical man,  
 The Saint stands un-infected.

14.

But alas a Pagan Jury  
 Ne're judges what's intended,  
 Then say what we can,  
 Brother *Green's* outward man  
 I fear will be suspended.

15.

And our Adopted Sister  
 Will find no better quarter,  
 But when him we inroul  
 For a Saint, Filly Foal  
 Shall pass her self for a Martyr.

16.

*Rome* that Spiritual *Sodom*,  
 No longer is thy debter,

O *Colchester*, now

Who's *Sodom* but thou,

Even according to the Letter ?

---

### A SONG.

**S***omnus* the humble God, that dwells  
In cottages and smoaky cells,  
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down ;  
And though he fears no Princes frown,  
Flies from the circle of a Crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful God,  
And thy Leaden charming Rod,  
Dipt in the Lethæan Lake,  
O're his wakeful temples shake,  
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so  
 Obliged to thy greatest Foe ?  
 Sleep that is thy best repast,  
 Yet of death it bears a taste,  
 And both are the same thing at last.

---

*On M<sup>r</sup> John Fletchers Works.*

SO shall we joy, when all whom Beasts and  
 Worms  
 Had turn'd to their own substances and forms,  
 Whom Earth to Earth, or Fire hath chang'd to  
 Fire,  
 We shall behold more then at first entire ;  
 As now we do, to see all thine thy own  
 In this thy Muses Resurrection,  
 Whose scatter'd parts, from thy own race, more  
 wounds  
 Hath suffer'd, then *Aleon* from his Hounds ;  
 Which

Which first their Brains, and then their Bellie,  
fed,

And from their excrements new Poets bred.

But now thy Muse enraged from her Urn

Like Ghosts of Murdered bodies does return

T' accuse the Murderers, to right the Stage,

And undeceive the long abused Age,

Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy  
wit

Gives not more Gold then they give dross to  
it :

Who not content like Felons to Purloyn,

Add treason to it, and debase thy Coyn.

But whither am I straid ? I need not raise  
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise ;

Nor is thy Fame on lesser ruines built,

Nor needs thy juster Title the foul guilt

Of Eastern Kings, who to secure their reign,

Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred  
slain.

Then was wits Empire at the Fatal height,  
 When labouring and sinking with its weight,  
 From thence a Thousand lesser Poets sprung  
 Like petty Princes from the fall of *Rome* ;  
 When *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, and thy self did sit,  
 And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit----  
 Yet what from *Johnson's* oyl and sweat did flow,  
 Or what more easie Nature did bestow  
 On *Shakespear's* gentler Muse, in thee full grown  
 Their graces both appear, yet so, that none  
 Can say here Nature ends, and Art begins,  
 But mixt like th' Elements and born like twins,  
 So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,  
 None, this meer Nature, that meer Art can  
 name :  
 'Twas this the Antients mean't; Nature and Skill  
 Are the two tops of their *Parnassus* Hill.

To

*To Sir Richard Fanshaw upon his Transla-  
tion of Pastor Fido.*

**S**uch is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,  
That few but such as cannot write, Translate.  
But what in them is want of Art, or voice,  
In thee is either Modesty or Choice.  
Whiles this great piece, restor'd by thee doth  
stand  
Free from the blemish of an Artless hand.  
Secure of Fame, thou justly dost esteem  
Less honour to create, than to redeem.  
Nor ought a Genius less than his that writ,  
Attempt Translation ; for transplanted wit,  
All the defects of air and soil doth share,  
And colder brains like colder Climates are :

In vain they toil, since nothing can beget

A vital spirit, but a vital heat.

That servile path thou nobly dost decline

Of tracing word by word, and line by line.

Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,

Not the effects of Poetry, but pains ;

Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords

No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at  
words.

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue

To make Translations and Translators too.

They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,

True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

Fording his current, where thou find'st it low

Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow ;

Wisely restoring whatsoever grace

It lost by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place,

Nor



Nor fetter'd to his Numbers, and his Times,  
 Betray'ft his Musick to unhappy Rimes,  
 Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength  
 Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinnewed length :  
 Yet after all, (lest we should think it thine)  
 Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.

New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,  
 Some Scenes from persons alter'd, had out-fac'd  
 The world, it were thy work; for we have  
 known

Some thank't and prais'd for what was less their  
 own.

That Masters hand which to the life can trace  
 The airs, the lines, and features of a face,  
 May with a free and bolder stroke express  
 A varied posture, or a flatt'ring Dress ;  
 He could have made those like, who made the  
 rest,

But that he knew his own design was best.

*A Dialogue between Sir John Pooley and  
Mr. Thomas Killigrew.*

P. **T**O thee dear *Thom.* my self addressing,  
Most queremoniously confessing,  
That I of late have been compressing.  
Destitute of my wonted Gravity,  
I perpetrated Arts of Pravity,  
In a contagious Concavity.

Making efforts with all my Puissance,  
For some Venereal Reiouiſſance,  
I got (as one may ſay) a nuiſſance.

K. Come leave this fooling Couſin *Pooley*,  
And in plain Engliſh tell us truly  
Why under th' eyes you look ſo blewly ?

'Tis

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,

Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,

Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life Monastick,

And wore a Vest Ecclesiastick;

Now in your Age you grow Fantastick.

P. Without more Preface or Formality,

A Female of Malignant Quality

Set fire on Label of Mortality.

The Faces of which Ulceration,

Brought o're the Helm a Distillation,

Through the Instrument of Propagation.

K. Then Cousin, (as I guess the matter)

You have been an old Fornicator,

And now are shot 'twixt wind and Water.

Your

Your style has such an ill complexion,  
 That from your breath I fear infection,  
 That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so æconomick,  
 Quitting the thrifty style Laconick,  
 Turn Prodigal in Makeronick.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send a  
 Person of knowledge who can mend a  
 Disaster in your nether end-a---

Whether it *Pullen* be or *Shanker*,

Cordee and crooked like an Anchor,

Your cure too costs you but a spanker.

Or

Or though your Pifs be sharp as Razor,

Do but confer with Dr. *Frazer*,

Hee'l make your Running Nag a Pacer.

Nor shall you need your Silver quick Sir,

Take *Mongo Murry's Black Elixir*,

And in a week it Cures your P---- Sir.

But you that are a Man of Learning,

So read in *Virgil*, so discerning,

Methinks towards fifty should take warning.

Once in a Pit you did miscarry,

That danger might have made one  
wary ;

Hunting near  
*Paris* he and  
his Horfe fell  
into a Quarry

This Pit is deeper then the Quarry.

7. Give me not such disconsolation,

Having now cur'd my Inflammation,

To Ulcerate my Reputation.

Though

Though it may gain the Ladies favour,  
 Yet it may raise an evil favour  
 Upon all grave and staid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,  
 To find a Rhyme to Gonorrhœia,  
 And put it in my Letania.

*An occasional Imitation of a Modern Author  
 upon the Game of Chess.*

A Tablet stood of that absterfivè Tree,  
 Where *Æthiops* swarthy Bird did build her nest,  
 Inlaid it was with *Lybian* Ivory,  
 Drawn from the Jaws of *Africks* prudent beast  
 Two Kings like *Saul*, much Taller then the rest,  
 Their equal Armies draw into the Field;  
 Till one take th' other Prisoner they contest;  
 Courage and Fortune must to Conduct yield.

This

This Game the *Perſian Magi* did invent,  
 The force of Eaſtern Wiſdom to expreſs;  
 From thence to buſie *Europeans* ſent,  
 And ſtyl'd by *Modern Lombards* penſive Cheſs.

Yet ſome that fled from *Troy* to *Rome* report,  
*Pentheſilea Priam* did oblige;

Her *Amazons*, his *Trojans* taught this ſport,  
 To paſs the tedious hours of ten years Siege:

There ſhe preſents her ſelf, whiſt King and  
 Peers

Look gravely on whiſt fierce *Bellona* fights;  
 Yet Maiden modeſty her Motions ſteers,  
 Nor rudely ſkips o're *Biſhops* heads like *Knights*.

The

*The Passion of Dido for Æneas.*

**H**AVING at large declar'd *Joves* Ambassy,  
*Cyllenius* from *Æneas* straight doth flye; Mer-  
cury.  
 He loth to disobey the Gods command,  
 Nor willing to forsake this pleasant Land;  
 Asham'd the kind *Eliza* to deceive,  
 But more afraid to take a solemn leave;  
 He many waies his labouring thoughts revolves,  
 But fear o're-coming shame, at last resolves  
 (Instructed by the God of Thieves) to steal Mer-  
cury.  
 Himself away, and his escape conceal.  
 He calls his Captains, bids them Rigg the Fleet,  
 That at the Port they privately should meet;  
 And some dissembled colour to project,  
 That *Dido* should not their design suspect;  
 But all in vain he did his Plot disguise:  
 No Art a watchful Lover can surprize.

She



She the first motion finds; Love though most  
sure,

Yet always to it self seems unsecure;

That wicked Fame which their first Love pro-  
claim'd,

Fore-tells the end; The Queen with rage in-  
flam'd

Thus greets him, thou dissembler would'st thou  
flye

Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?

Could not the hand I plighted, nor the Love,

Nor thee the Fate of dying *Dido* move?

And in the depth of Winter in the night,

Dark as thy black designs to take thy flight,

To plow the raging Seas to Coasts unknown,

The Kingdom thou pretend'st to not thine  
own;

Were *Troy* restor'd, thou should'st mistrust a  
wind

False as thy Vows, and as thy heart unkind.

K

Fly'st

Fly'st thou from me ? by these dear drops of  
brine

I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,  
By our Espousals, by our Marriage-bed,  
If all my kindness ought have merited ;  
If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,  
From ruine, me, and my lost house redeem.  
Cannot my Prayers a free acceptance find ?  
Nor my Tears soften an obdurate mind ?  
My Fame of Chastity, by which the Skies  
I reacht before, by thee extinguisht dies ;  
Into my Borders now *Iarbas* falls,  
And my revengeful Brother scales my walls ;  
The wild *Numidians* will advantage take,  
For thee both *Tyre* and *Carthage* me forsake.  
Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me  
A young *Aeneas*, who resembling thee,

Might

Might in my fight have sported, I had then  
 Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been ;  
 By thee no more my Husband, but my Guest,  
 Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death's the  
 least.

With fixed looks he stands, and in his Breast  
 By *Jove's* command his struggling care sup-  
 prest ;

Great Queen, your favours and deserts so great,  
 Though numberless, I never shall forget ;

No time, until my self I have forgot ;

Out of my heart *Eliza's* name shall blot :

But my unwilling flight the Gods inforce,

And that must justify our sad Divorce ;

Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit,

To my desires I might my fortune fit ;

*Troy* to her Ancient Splendour I would raise,

And where I first began, would end my days ;

But since the *Lycian* Lotts, and *Delphick* God

Have destin'd *Italy* for our abode ;

Since you proud *Carthage* (fled from *Tyre*) en-  
joy,

Why should not *Latium* us receive from *Troy* ?

As for my Son, my Fathers angry Ghost,

Tells me his hopes by my delays are crost,

And mighty *Joves* Ambassadour appear'd

With the same message, whom I saw and heard

We both are griev'd when you or I complain,

But much the more, when all complaints are  
vain ;

I call to witness all the Gods and thy

Beloved head, the Coast of *Italy*

Against my will I seek.

Whilst thus he speaks, she rowls her sparkling  
eyes,

Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies ;

Thy

Thy Mother was no Goddess, nor thy stock  
 From *Dardanus*, but in some horrid rock,  
 Perfidious wretch, rough *Caucasus* thee bred,  
 And with their Milk *Hircanian* Tygers fed.  
 Dissimulation I shall now forget,  
 And my reserves of rage in order set;  
 Could all my Prayers and soft Entreaties force  
 Sighs from his Breast, or from his look re-  
 morse.  
 Where shall I first complain? can Mighty  
*Jove*  
 Or *Juno* such Impieties approve?  
 The just *Astrea* sure is fled to Hell,  
 Nor more in Earth, nor Heaven it self will  
 dwell.  
 Oh Faith! him on my Coasts by Tempest  
 cast;  
 Receiving madly, on my Throne I plac'd;  
 K 3 His

His Men from Famine, and his Fleet from Fire  
 I rescu'd : now the *Lycian* Lotts conspire  
 With *Phœbus* ; now *Joves* Envoyé through  
 the Air  
 Brings dismal tydings, as if such low care  
 Could reach their thoughts, or their repose dis-  
 turb ;  
 Thou art a false Impostor, and a Fourbe ;  
 Go, go, pursue thy Kingdom through the Main  
 I hope if Heaven her Justice still retain,  
 Thou shalt be wrackt, or cast upon some rock,  
 Where thou the name of *Dido* shalt invoke ;  
 I'll follow thee in Funeral flames, when dead  
 My Ghost shall thee attend at Board and Bed,  
 And when the Gods on thee their vengeance  
 show,  
 That welcom news shall comfort me below.  
 This saying, from his hated sight she fled ;  
 Conducted by her Damsels to her bed ;

Yet restless she arose, and looking out,  
 Beholds the Fleet, and hears the S:amen  
 shout :  
 When great *Aeneas* pass'd before the Guard,  
 To make a view how all things were prepar'd:  
 Ah cruel Love! to what dost thou inforce  
 Poor Mortal Breasts? again she hath recourse  
 To Tears, and Prayers, again she feels the smart  
 Of a fresh wound from his tyrannick Dart.  
 That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd;  
 Thus to her Sister she her self apply'd :  
 Dear Sister, my resentment had not been  
 So moving, if this Fate I had fore-seen;  
 Therefore to me this last kind office do,  
 Thou hast some interest in our scornful Foe;  
 He trusts to thee the Counsels of his mind,  
 Thou his soft hours, and free access canst find ;

Tell him I sent not to the *Ilian* Coast,  
 My Fleet to aid the *Greeks* ; his Fathers Ghost  
 I never did disturb ; ask him to lend  
 To this the last request that I shall send,  
 A gentle Ear ; I wish that he may find  
 A happy passage, and a prosp'rous wind.  
 That contract I not plead, which he betray'd,  
 Nor that his promis'd Conquest be delay'd ;  
 All that I ask, is but a short Reprieve,  
 Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve ;  
 Some pause and respite only I require,  
 Till with my tears I shall have quencht my fire.  
 If thy address can but obtain one day  
 Or two, my Death that service shall repay.  
 Thus she intreats ; such messages with tears  
 Condoling *Anne* to him, and from him bears ;  
 But him no Prayers, no Arguments can moye,  
 The Fates resist, his Ears are stop't by *Jove* :

As



As when fierce Northern blasts from th' *Alpes*  
descend,

From his firm roots with struggling gusts to  
rend

An aged sturdy Oak, the ratling sound

Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the  
ground

Is over-lay'd ; yet he stands fixt, as high

As his proud head is rais'd towards the Sky,

So low towards Hell his roots descend. With  
Pray'rs

And Tears the *Hero* thus assail'd, great cares

He smothers in his Breast, yet keeps his Post,

All their addresses and their labour lost.

Then she deceives her Sister with a smile,

*Anne* in the Inner Court erects a Pile ;

Thereon his Arms and once lov'd Portraict lay,

Thither our fatal Marriage-bed convey ;

All curst Monuments of him with fire

We must abolish (so the Gods require)

She

She gives her credit, for no worse effect  
 Then from *Sichew* death she did suspect,  
 And her commands obeys.  
*Aurora* now had left *Tithonus* bed,  
 And o're the world her blushing Raies did  
 spread ;  
 The Queen beheld as soon as day appear'd,  
 The Navy under Sail, the Haven clear'd ;  
 Thrice with her hand her Naked Breast she  
 knocks,  
 And from her forehead tears her Golden Locks.  
 O *Jove*, she cry'd, and shall he thus delude  
 Me and my Realm ! why is he not pursu'd ?  
 Arm, Arm, she cry'd, and let our *Tyrians* board  
 With ours his Fleet, and carry Fire and Sword ;  
 Leave nothing unattempted to destroy  
 That perjur'd Race, then let us dye with joy ;  
 What if the event of War uncertain were,  
 Nor death, nor danger, can the desperate fear ?  
 But

But oh too late ! this thing I should have done,  
When first I plac'd the Traytor on my Throne.

Behold the Faith of him who sav'd from fire

His honour'd household gods, his Aged Sire

His Pious shoulders from *Troy's* Flames did  
bear ;

Why did I not his Carcase piece-meal tear

And cast it in the Sea ? why not destroy

All his Companions and beloved Boy

*Ascanius* ? and his tender limbs have drest,

And made the Father on the Son to Feast ?

Thou Sun, whose lustre all things here below

Surveys ; and *Juno* conscious of my woe ;

Revengeful Furies, and Queen *Hecate* ;

Receive and grant my prayer ! if he the Sea

Must needs escape, and reach th' *Ansonian* land,

If *Jove* decree it, *Jove's* decree must stand ;

Whe

When landed, may he be with arms oppress'd  
 By his rebelling people, be distress'd  
 By exile from his Country, be divorc'd  
 From young *Ascanius* fight, and be enforc'd  
 To implore Forrein aids, and lose his Friends  
 By violent and undeserv'd ends :  
 When to conditions of unequal Peace  
 He shall submit, then may he nor possess  
 Kingdom nor Life, and find his Funeral  
 I'th' Sands, when he before his day shall fall :  
 And ye oh *Tyrians* with immortal hate  
 Pursue his race, this service dedicate  
 To my deplored ashes ; let there be  
 'Twixt us and them no League nor Amity ;  
 May from my bones a new *Achilles* rise,  
 That shall infest the *Trojan* Colonies

With

With Fire, and Sword, and Famine, when  
length

Time to our great attempts contributes  
strength ;

Our Seas, our Shores, our Armies theirs oppose,  
And may our Children be for ever Foes.

A ghastly paleness deaths approach portends,

Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends ;

Viewing the *Trojan* relicks, she unsheath'd

*Aeneas* Sword, not for that use bequeath'd :

Then on the guilty bed she gently lays

Her self, and softly thus lamenting prays :

Dear Reliques whilst that Gods and Fates gave  
leave,

Free me from care, and my glad soul receive ;

That date which fortune gave I now must end,

And to the shades a noble Ghost descend ;

*Sichans* blood by his false Brother spilt,

I have reveng'd, and a proud City built ;

Happy

Happy, alas! too happy I had liv'd,  
 Had not the *Trojan* on my Coast arriv'd;  
 But shall I dye without revenge? yet dye,  
 Thus, thus with joy to thy *Sichæus* flye.  
 My conscious Foe my Funeral fire shall view  
 From Sea, and may that Omen him pursue.  
 Her fainting hand let fall the Sword besmear'd  
 With blood, and then the Mortal wound appear'd;  
 Through all the Court the fright and clamours rise,  
 Which the whole City fills with fears and cries,  
 As loud as if her *Carthage*, or old *Tyre*  
 The Foe had entred, and had set on Fire:  
 Amazed *Anne* with speed ascends the stairs,  
 And in her arms her dying Sister rears:  
 Did you for this, your self, and me beguile  
 For such an end did I erect this Pile?

Did

Did you so much despise me, in this Fate

My self with you not to associate ?

Your self and me, alas ! this fatal wound

The Senate, and the People, doth confound.

I'll wash her Wound with Tears, and at her  
Death,

My Lips from hers shall draw her parting  
Breath.

Then with her Vest the Wound she wipes and  
dries ;

Thrice with her Arm the Queen attempts to  
rise,

But her strength failing, falls into a swoond,

Life's last efforts yet striving with her Wound ;

Thrice on her Bed she turns, with wandring  
fight

Seeking, she groans when she beheld the light ;

Then *Juno* pitying her disastrous Fate,

Sends *Iris* down, her Pangs to Mitigate,

Since

(Since if we fall before th' appointed day,  
Nature and Death continue long their Fray)

*Iris* Descends ; This Fatal lock (says she)

To *Pluto* I bequeath, and set thee free,

Then clips her Hair, cold Numness strait h  
reaves

Her Corps of sense, and th' Ayrs her Soul re  
ceives.



## A Preface to the following Translation.

Going this last Summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an Ancient and Honourable Friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin Original of this Translation, which (being out of Print) I had never seen before: when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two Learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Johnson, and Sir Kenelme Digby; but I found it, (where I shall never find my self) in the service of a better Master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the Honour of the Living, by impairing that of the Dead; and my own Profession hath taught me, not to erect new Superstructions upon an old Ruine. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I lik'd the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new Vest for it, as I could.

The Author was a Person of Quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which Family matched since with the Sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was co-temporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso; which shews, that the

L

Age

Age they lived in, was not so unlearned, as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The Author writ upon the four Cardinal Vertues, but I have Translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury, for the two last are little more then repetitions and recitals of the first, and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last Vertues are but descendants from the first: Prudence being the true Mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the Child of Justice.

## Of Prudence.

**W**isdoms first Progress is to take a View  
 What's decent or un-decent, false or true.  
 Hee's truly Prudent, who can separate  
 Honest from Vile, and still adhere to that ;  
 Their difference to measure, and to reach ,  
 Reason well rectify'd must Nature teach.  
 And these high Scrutinies are subjects fit  
 For Man's all-searching and enquiring wit ;  
 That search of Knowledge did from *Adam* flow ;  
 Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to show.  
 Wisdom of what her self approves, makes  
 choice,  
 Nor is led Captive by the Common voice.  
 Clear-sighted Reason Wisdoms Judgment leads,  
 And Sense, her Vassal, in her footsteps treads.

L 12

That

That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st  
know,

To thee all her specifick forms I'll show ;

He that the way to Honesty will learn,

First what's to be avoided must discern.

Thy self from flattering self-conceit defend,

Nor what thou dost not know, to know pre-  
tend.

Some secrets deep in abstruse Darkness lye ;

To search them, thou wilt need a piercing Eye.

Not rashly therefore to such things assent,

Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'st repent ;

Study and Time in these must thee instruct,

And others old experience may conduct.

Wisdom her self her Ear doth often lend

To Counsel offer'd by a faithful Friend.

In equal Scales two doubtful matters lay,

Thou may'st chuse safely that which most doth  
weigh ;

'Tis

'Tis not secure, this place, or that to guard,  
 If any other entrance stand unbarr'd;  
 He that escapes the Serpents Teeth, may fail  
 If he himself secure not from his Tayl.  
 Who saith, who could such ill events expect?  
 With shame on his own Counsels doth reflect;  
 Most in the World doth self-conceit deceive,  
 Who just and good, what e're they act, believe;  
 To their Wills wedded, to their Errours slaves,  
 No man (like them) they think himself behaves.  
 This stiff-neckt Pride, nor Art, nor Force, can  
 bend,  
 Nor high-flown hopes to Reasons Lure descend.  
 Fathers sometimes their Childrens Faults re-  
 gard  
 With Pleasure, and their Crimes with gifts re-  
 ward.

Ill Painters when they draw, and Poets write,  
*Virgil and Titian*, (self admiring) slight;

Then all they do, like Gold and Pearl appears,  
 And others actions are but Dirt to theirs;  
 They that so highly think themselves above  
 All other Men, themselves can only Love;  
 Reason and Vertue, all that Man can boast  
 O're other Creatures, in those Brutes are lost,  
 Observe (if thee this Fatal Errour touch,  
 Thou to thy self contributing too much)  
 Those who are generous, humble, just, and  
     wise,  
 Who nor their Gold, nor themselves Idolize;  
 To form thy self by their Example, learn,  
 (For many Eyes can more then one discern)  
 But yet beware of Councils when too full,  
 Number makes long disputes and graveness  
     dull;  
 Though their Advice be good, their Counsel  
     wise,  
 Yet Length still loses Opportunities:

Debate

Debate destroys dispatch; as Fruits we see  
 Rot, when they hang too long upon the Tree;  
 In vain that Husbandman his Seed doth sow,  
 If he his Crop, not in due season mow.  
 A General sets his Army in Array  
 In vain, unless he Fight, and win the day.  
 'Tis Vertuous Action that must Praise bring  
 forth,  
 Without which, slow advice is little worth.  
 Yet they who give good Counsel, Praise de-  
 serve,  
 Though in the active part they cannot serve;  
 In action, Learned Counsellours their Age,  
 Profession, or Disease, forbids t' ingage.  
 Nor to Philosophers is praise deny'd,  
 Whose wise Instructions After-ages guide;  
 Yet vainly most their Age in study spend;  
 No end of writing Books, and to no end:

Beating their brains for strange and hidde  
things,

Whose Knowledge, nor Delight, nor Profit  
brings;

Themselves with doubts both day and night  
perplex,

Nor Gentle Reader please, or teach, but vex,

Books should to one of these four ends con-  
duce,

For Wisdom, Piety, Delight, or Use.

What need we gaze upon the spangled Sky?

Or into Matters hidden Causes pry?

To describe every City, Stream, or Hill

I'th World, our fancy with vain Arts to fill?

What is't to hear a Sophister that pleads,

Who by the Ears the deceiv'd Audience leads?

If we were wise, these things we should not  
mind,

But more delight in easie matters find.

Learn



Learn to live well, that thou may'st dye so too ;

To live and dye is all we have to do :

The way (if no Digression's made) is even,

And free access, if we but ask, is given.

Then seek to know those things which make us  
blest,

And having found them, lock them in thy  
Breast ;

Enquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,

But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.

Some their whole Age in these enquiries wast,

And dye like Fools before one step they past ;

'Tis strange to know the way, and not t' ad-  
vance,

That Knowledge is far worse then Ignorance.

The Learned teach, but what they teach, not do ;

And standing still themselves, make others go.

In vain on Study, time away we throw,

When we forbear to act the things we know.

The

The Souldier that Philosopher well blam'd,  
 Who long and loudly in the Schools declaim'd,  
 Tell (said the Souldier) venerable Sir  
 Why all these Words, this Clamour, and this  
 stir?  
 Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day?  
 Whilst one says only yea, and t' other nay.  
 Oh, said the Doctor, we for Wisdom toyl'd,  
 For which none toyls too much: the Souldier  
 smil'd;  
 Y' are gray and old, and to some pious use  
 This mass of Treasure you should now reduce:  
 But you your store have hoarded in some bank,  
 For which th' Infernal Spirits shall you thank.  
 Let what thou learnest be by practise shown,  
 'Tis said, that Wisdoms Children make her  
 known.  
 What's good doth open to th' enquirer stand,  
 And it self offers to th' accepting hand;

All

All things by Order and true Measures done,

Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.

Let early care thy main Concerns secure,

Things of less moment may delays endure :

Men do not for their Servants first prepare,

And of their Wives and Children quit the care;

Yet when we 're sick, the Doctor's fetch't in  
haste,

Leaving our great concernment to the last.

When we are well, our hearts are only set

(Which way we care not) to be Rich, or Great ;

What shall become of all that we have got ;

We only know that us it follows not ;

And what a trifle is a moments Breath,

Laid in the Scale with everlasting Death ?

What's Time, when on Eternity we think ?

A thousand Ages in that Sea must sink ;

Time's nothing but a word, a million

Is full as far from Infinite as one.

To

To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must  
pay,

Think on the Debt against th' accompting-day;  
God, who to thee, Reason and Knowledge lent,  
Will ask how these two Talents have been  
spent.

Let not low Pleasures thy high Reason blind,  
He's mad, that seeks what no man e're could  
find.

Why should we fondly please our Sense, wherein  
Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin?

What thoughts Mans Reason better can become,  
Then th' expectation of his welcom home?

Lords of the World have but for Life their  
Lease,

And that too, (if the Lessor please) must cease.

Death cancels Natures Bonds, but for our  
Deeds

(That Debt first paid) a strict account suc-  
ceeds;

If

If here not clear'd, no Surety-ship can Bail  
 Condemned Debtors from th' Eternal Goal ;  
 Christ's Blood's our Balsom, if that cures us here,  
 Him, when our Judge, we shall not find severe ;  
 His yoke is easie, when by us embrac'd,  
 But loads and galls, if on our Necks 'tis cast.  
 Be just in all thy actions, and if joyn'd  
 With those that are not, never change thy mind ;  
 If ought obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,  
 But wind about, till thou have topp'd the Hill ;  
 To the same end Men several Paths may tread,  
 As many Doors into one Temple lead ;  
 And the same hand into a fist may close,  
 Which instantly a Palm expanded shows :  
 Justice and Faith never forsake the Wise,  
 Yet may occasion put him in Disguise ;  
 Not turning like the wind, but if the state  
 Of things must change, he is not obstinate ;  
 Things

Things past, and future with the present weighs  
 Nor credulous of what vain rumour says :  
 Few things by Wisdom are at first believ'd,  
 An easie Ear deceives, and is deceiv'd ;  
 For many Truths have often past for Lies,  
 And Lies as often put on Truths Disguise :  
 As Flattery too oft like Friendship shows,  
 So them, who speak plain Truth we think our  
     Foes.  
 No quick reply to dubious questions make,  
 Suspence and caution still prevent mistake.  
 When any great design thou dost intend,  
 Think on the means, the manner, and the end :  
 All great Concernments must delays endure ;  
 Rashness and haste make all things unsecure ;  
 And if uncertain thy Pretensions be,  
 Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty ;  
 But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,  
 Ere they begin let thy Pretensions end.

Let

Let thy Discourse be such, that thou may'st give

Profit to others, or from them receive :

Instruct the Ignorant, to those that live

Under thy care, good rules and patterns give ;

Nor is't the least of Vertues, to relieve

Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.

Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love ;

But less condemn whom thou dost not approve :

Thy Friend, like Flattery, too much Praise doth  
wrong,

And too sharp censure shews an evil tongue :

But let inviolate Truth be always dear

To thee, even before Friendship, Truth prefer ;

Then what thou mean'st to give, still promise  
less ;

Hold fast the Power, thy Promise to increase :

Look forward what's to come, and back what's  
past,

Thy life will be with Praise and Prudence  
grac'd :

What

What loss, or gain may follow thou may'st  
guess,

Thou then wilt be secure of the success ;

Yet be not always on affairs intent,

But let thy thoughts be easie, and unbent ;

When our Minds Eyes are dis-ingag'd and free,

They clearer, farther, and distinctly see ;

They quicken sloth, perplexities untye,

Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollifie ;

And though our hands from labour are releas'd,

Yet our minds find (even when we sleep) no  
rest.

Search not to find how other Men offend,

But by that Glas thy own offences mend ;

Still seek to learn, yet care not much from  
whom,

(So it be Learning) or from whence it come.

Of thy own actions, others judgments learn,

Often by small, great matters we discern :

Youth,



Youth, what Mann age is like to be doth show;

We may our Ends by our Beginnings know.

Let none direct thee what to do or say,

Till thee thy Judgment of the Matter sway;

Let not the pleasing many, thee Delight,

First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge  
right.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,

Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid;

Nor climb on Pyramids, which thy head turns  
round

Standing, and whence no safe Descent is found:

In vain his Nerves, and Faculties he strains

To rise, whose raising unsecure remains:

They whom Desert and Favour forwards thrust,

Are wise, when they their measures can adjust.

When well at ease, and happy, live content,

And then consider why that life was lent;

M

When

When Wealthy, shew thy Wisdom not to be  
To Wealth a Servant, but make Wealth serve  
thee.

Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,  
Which nor a Witness, nor a Judge might know  
The highest Hill, is the most slippery place,  
And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face ;  
And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd  
Men in high Power, but seldom holds them fast  
Against her then her forces Prudence joyns,  
And to the Golden Mean her self confines.

More in Prosperity is Reason tost,  
Then Ships in Storms, their Helms and Anchors  
lost ;  
Before fair Gales not all our Sayls we bear,  
But with side Winds into safe Harbours steer ;  
More Ships in Calms on a deceitful Coast,  
Or unseen Rocks, then in high Storms are lost.

Who

Who casts out threats and frowns, no man de-  
ceives,

Time for resistance, and defence he gives ;  
But Flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,  
And Poyson in high\* tasted Meats conveys ;  
So, Fortunes smiles unguarded Man surprize,  
But when she frowns, he arms, and her defies.

---

*Of Justice.*

'T IS the first Sanction, Nature gave to Man,  
Each other to assist in what they can ;

Just or unjust, this Law for ever stands,

All things are good by Law which she com-  
mands ;

The first step, Man towards Christ must justly  
live,

Whot' us himself, and all we have did give ;

In vain doth man the name of Just expect,

If his Devotions he to God neglect ;

So must we reverence God, as first to know  
 Justice from him, not from our selves doth flow ;  
 God those accepts who to Mankind are Friends,  
 Whose Justice far as their own Power extends ;  
 In that they imitate the Power Divine,  
 The Sun alike on Good and Bad doth shine ;  
 And he that doth no Good, although no Ill,  
 Does not the office of the Just fulfil.  
 Virtue doth Man to virtuous actions steer,  
 'Tis not enough that he should Vice forbear ;  
 We live not only for our selves to care,  
 Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.  
 Wise *Plato* said, the world with men was stor'd,  
 That succour each to other might afford ;  
 Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,  
 But several parts to several men consign'd ;  
 He that of his own stores no part can give,  
 May with his Counsel or his Hands relieve.

If

If Fortune make thee powerful, give Defence  
 'Gainst Fraud, and Force, to naked Innocence :  
 And when our Justice doth her Tributes pay,  
 Method and Order must direct the way :  
 First to our God we must with Reverence bow,  
 The second honour to our Prince we owe ;  
 Next to Wives, Parents, Children, fit respect,  
 And to our Friends and Kindred we direct :  
 Then we must those, who groan beneath the  
 weight  
 Of Age, Disease, or Want, commiserate :  
 'Mongst those whom honest Lives can recom-  
 mend,  
 Our Justice more compassion should extend ;  
 To such, who thee in some distress did aid,  
 Thy Debt of thanks with Interest should be  
 paid :  
 As *Hesiod* sings, spread waters o're thy field,  
 And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield ;

But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,  
 Mischief and wrong be to another done;  
 Such moderation with thy bounty joyn,  
 That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine;  
 That Liberality is but cast away,  
 Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:  
 And no access to wealth let Rapine bring;  
 Do nothing that's not just, to be a King.  
 Justice must be from Violence exempt,  
 But Fraud's her only Object of Contempt.  
 Fraud in the Fox, Force in the Lyon dwells;  
 But Justice both from humane hearts expels;  
 But he's the greatest Monster (without doubt)  
 Who is a Wolf within, a Sheep without;  
 Nor only ill injurious actions are,  
 But evil words and slanders bear their share.  
 Truth Justice loves, and Truth Injustice fears,  
 Truth above all things a Just man reveres:

Though

Though not by Oaths we God to witness call,  
 He sees and hears, and still remembers all;  
 And yet our attestations we may wrest,  
 Sometimes to make the Truth more manifest;  
 If by a Lye a man preserve his Faith,  
 He Pardon, Leave, and absolution hath;  
 Or if I break my Promise, which to thee  
 Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.  
 All things committed to thy trust, conceal,  
 Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.  
 Express thy self in plain, not doubtful words,  
 That, ground for Quarrels or Disputes affords:  
 Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue,  
 Thy self or others, careless talk may wrong.  
 When thou art called into publick Power,  
 And when a crowd of Suiters throng thy Door,  
 Be sure no great Offenders 'scape their dooms,  
 Small praise from Lenity and Remissness comes;  
M 4
Crimes

Crimes pardon'd, others to those Crimes invite,  
 Whilst Lookers on, severe Examples fright :  
 When by a pardon'd Murderer blood is spilt,  
 The Judge that pardon'd, hath the greatest  
 guilt ;  
 Who accuse Rigour, make a gross mistake,  
 One Criminal pardon'd, may an hundred make ;  
 When Justice on Offenders is not done,  
 Law, Government, Commerce, are overthrown ;  
 As besieg'd Traytors with the Foe conspire,  
 T' unlock the Gates, and set the Town on Fire.  
 Yet let not Punishment th' Offence exceed,  
 Justice with Weight and Measure must proceed ;  
 Yet when pronouncing sentence, seem not glad,  
 Such Spectacles, though they are just, are sad ;  
 Though what thou dost, thou ought'st not to  
 repent,  
 Yet Humane Bowels cannot but relent ;



Rather then all must suffer, some must dye ;

Yet Nature must condole their misery ;

And yet if many equal guilt involve,

Thou may'st not these condemn, and those absolve.

Justice when equal Scales she holds, is blind,

Nor Cruelty, nor Mercy, change her mind ;

When some escape for that which others dye,

Mercy to those, to these is Cruelty.

A fine and slender Net the Spider weaves,

Which little and light Animals receives ;

And if she catch a common Bee or Flye,

They with a piteous groan, and murmur dye ;

But if a Wasp or Hornet she entrap,

They tear her Cords like *Sampson*, and escape ;

So like a Flye the poor Offender dyes ;

But like the Wasp, the Rich escapes, and flies.

Do not if one but lightly thee offend,

The punishment beyond the Crime extend ;

Or

(170)

Or after warning the Offence forget ;  
So God himself our failings doth remit.  
Expect not more from Servants then is just,  
Reward them well, if they observe their trust ;  
Nor them with Cruelty or Pride invade,  
Since God and Nature them our Brothers made ;  
If his Offence be great, let that suffice ;  
If light, forgive, for no Man's alwaies wise.

---

The

## The Preface.

**M**Y early Mistress, now my Antient Muse,  
 That strong Circæan liquor cease to infuse,  
 Wherewith thou didst Intoxicate my youth,  
 Now stoop with dis-enchanted wings to Truth;  
 As the Doves flight did guide Æneas, now  
 May thine conduct me to the Golden Bough;  
 Tell (like a Tall Old Oake) how Learning shoots  
 To Heaven Her Branches, and to Hell her Roots.

The

*The Progress of Learning.*

**W**hen God from Earth form'd *Adam* in  
 the East,  
 He his own Image on the Clay imprest;  
 As Subjects then the whole Creation came,  
 And from their Natures *Adam* them did Name,  
 Not from experience, (for the world was new)  
 He only from their Cause their Natures knew.  
 Had Memory been lost with Innocence,  
 We had not known the Sentence nor th' Of-  
 fence;  
 'Twas his chief Punishment to keep in store  
 The sad remembrance what he was before;  
 And though th' offending part felt mortal  
 pain,  
 Th' immortal part, its Knowledg did retain.

After

After the Flood, Arts to *Chaldea* fell,  
 The Father of the faithful there did dwell,  
 Who both their Parent and Instructor was;  
 From thence did Learning into *Ægypt* pass;  
*Moses* in all th' *Ægyptian* Arts was skill'd,  
 When Heavenly power that chosen Vessel fill'd,  
 And we to his High Inspiration owe,  
 That what was done before the Flood, we know.  
 From *Ægypt* Arts their Progress made to *Greece*,  
 Wrapt in the Fable of the Golden Fleece.  
*Musæus* first, then *Orpheus* civilize  
 Mankind, and gave the world their Deities;  
 To many Gods they taught Devotion,  
 Which were the distinct faculties of one;  
 The eternal cause, in their immortal lines  
 Was taught, and Poets were the first Divines:  
 God *Moses* first, then *David* did inspire,  
 To compose Anthems for his Heavenly Quire;  
 To

To th' one the style of Friend he did impart,  
 On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart :  
 And *Moses*, in the Old Original ,  
 Even God the Poet of the world doth call.  
 Next those old *Greeks*, *Pythagoras* did rise,  
 Then *Socrates*, whom th' Oracle call'd Wise ;  
 The Divine *Plato* Moral Vertue shows,  
 Then his Disciple *Aristotle* rose,  
 Who Natures secrets to the world did teach,  
 Yet that great Soul our Novelists impeach ;  
 Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,  
 Whilst Sects, like Locusts, did destroy the seeds ;  
 The tree of Knowledg blasted by disputes,  
 Produces sapless leaves instead of Fruits ;  
 Proud *Greece*, all Nations else, *Barbarians* held,  
 Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.  
 Flying from thence, to *Italy* it came, Gracia  
Major.  
 And to the Realm of *Naples* gave the Name,  
Till

Till both their Nation and their Arts did come  
 A welcom Trophy to Triumphant *Rome* ;  
 Then wheresoe're her Conquering Eagles fled,  
 Arts, Learning, and Civility were spread ;  
 And as in this our *Microcosm*, the heart  
 Heat, Spirit, Motion gives to every part ;  
 So *Rome's* Victorious influence did disperse  
 All her own Vertues through the Universe.  
 Here some digression I must make t' accuse  
 Thee my forgetful, and ingrateful Muse :  
 Could'st thou from *Greece* to *Latium* take thy  
 flight,  
 And not to thy great Ancestor do Right ?  
 I can no more believe Old *Homer* blind !  
 Then those, who say the Sun hath never shin'd ;  
 The age wherein he liv'd, was dark, but he  
 Could not want sight, who taught the world to  
 see :  
 They who *Minerva* from *Joves* head derive,  
 Might make Old *Homer's* Skull the Muses Hive ;  
 And

And from his Brain, that *Helicon* distil,  
 Whose Racy Liquor did his off-spring fill.  
 Nor old *Andreon*, *Hesiod*, *Theocrite*  
 Must we forget ; nor *Pindar*'s lofty Flight.  
 Old *Homer*'s soul at last from *Greece* retir'd ;  
 In *Italy* the *Mantuan* Swain inspir'd.  
 When Great *Augustus* made wars Tempests cease  
 His *Halcion* days brought forth the arts of Peace ;  
 He still in his Tryumphant Chariot shines,  
 By *Horace* drawn, and *Virgil*'s mighty lines.  
 'Twas certainly mysterious, that the Name  
 Of Prophets and of Poets is the same ;  
 What the *Tragedian* wrote, the late success  
 Declares was Inspiration, and not Guess :  
 As dark a truth that Author did unfold,  
 As Oracles, or Prophets e're fore-told :  
 At last the Ocean shall unlock the Bound  
 Of things, and a New World by Typhis found,  
 Then

Vates.

Seriesa.

The Prophecy.

Then



*Then Ages, far remote shall understand*

*The Isle of Thule is not the farthest Land.*

Sure God, by these Discoveries, did design

That his clear Light through all the World  
should shine,

But the Obstruction from that Discord springs.

The Prince of Darkness makes 'twixt Christian  
Kings;

That peaceful age, with happiness to Crown,

From Heaven the Prince of Peace himself came  
down.

Then, the true Sun of Knowledg first appear'd,

And the old dark mysterious Clouds were  
clear'd,

The heavy Cause of th' old accursed Flood

Sunk in the sacred Deluge of his Blood.

His Passion, Man from his first fall, redeem'd;

Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;

Satan himself was bound, till th' Iron chain

Our Pride did break, and him let loose again,

N

Still

Still the Old Sting remain'd, and Man began  
 To tempt the Serpent, as He tempted Man ;  
 Then Hell sends forth her Furies, Avarice,  
 Pride,  
 Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisie their  
 Guide ;  
 Though the Foundation on a Rock were laid,  
 The Church was undermin'd, and then betray'd ;  
 Though the *Apostles*, these events fore-told,  
 Yet, even the Shepherd did devour the Fold :  
 The Fisher to convert the world began,  
 The Pride convincing of vain-glorious Man ;  
 But soon, his Follower grew a Sovereign Lord,  
 And *Peter's* Keys exchange'd for *Peter's* Sword,  
 Which still maintains for his adoptred Son  
 Vast Patrimonies, though himself had none ;  
 Wrecking the Text, to the old Gyants sense,  
 That Heaven, once more, must suffer violence.

Then

Then subtle Doctors, Scriptures, made their  
prize,

Casuits, like Cocks, struck out each others  
Eyes;

Then dark distinctions, Reasons light disguis'd,  
And into Atoms, Truth anatomiz'd.

Then *Mahomet's* Crescent by our fewds en-  
creast,

Blasted the learn'd Remainers of the East:

That project, when from *Greece* to *Rome* it came,  
Made Mother Ignorance Devotions Dame;

Then, He, whom *Lucifer's* own Pride did swell,  
His faithful Emissary, rose from Hell

To possess *Peter's* Chair, that *Hildebrand*

Whose foot on Miters, then on Crowns did  
stand,

And before that exalted Idol, all

(Whom we call Gods on Earth) did prostrate  
fall.

Then Darkness, *Europe's* face did over-spread  
From lazy Cells, where superstition bred,  
Which, link'd with blind Obedience, so encreast  
That the whole world, some ages they opprest ;  
Till through those Clouds, the Sun of Knowledge  
brake,

And *Europe* from her Lethargy did wake :

Then, first our Monarchs were acknowledg'd  
here

That they, their Churches Nurfing-Fathers  
were.

When *Lucifer* no longer could advance

His works on the false ground of Ignorance,

New Arts he tries, and new designs he laies,

Then, his well-study'd Master-piece he plays ;

*Loyola, Luther, Calvin* he inspires

And kindles, with infernal Flames, their fires,

Sends their fore-runner (conscious of th' event)

Printing, his most pernicious Instrument :

Wild

Wild Controversie then, which long had slept,  
 Into the Press from ruin'd Cloysters leapt ;

No longer by Implicite faith we erre,

Whilst every Man's his own Interpreter;

No more conducted now by *Aarons* Rod,

Lay-Elders, from their Ends, create their God.

But seven wise men, the ancient world did  
 know,

We scarce know seven, who think themselves  
 not so.

When Man learn'd undefil'd Religion,

We were commanded to be all as one;

Fiery disputes, that Union have calcin'd,

Almost as many minds as men we find,

And when that flame finds combustible Earth,

Thence Fatuus fires and Meteors take their  
 birth,

Legions of Sects, and Insects come in throngs;

To name them all, would tire a hundred  
 tongues.

Such were the Centaures of *Ixion's* race,  
 Who, a bright Cloud, for *Juno*, did embrace,  
 And such the Monsters of *Chymera's* kind,  
 Lyons before, and Dragons were behind.  
 Then, from the clashes between Popes and  
     Kings,  
 Debate, like sparks from Flints collision, springs :  
 As *Joves* loud Thunderbolts were forg'd by  
     heat,  
 The like, our Cyclops, on their Anvils, beat ;  
 All the rich Mines of Learning, ransackt are  
 To furnish Ammunition for this War :  
 Uncharitable Zeal our Reason whets,  
 And double Edges on our Passion sets ;  
 'Tis the most certain sign, the worl'ds accurst,  
 That the best things corrupted, are the worst ;  
 'Twas the corrupted Light of knowledg, hurl'd  
 Sin, Death, and Ignorance o're all the world ;

That

That Sun like this, (from which our sight we  
have)

Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;

And when thick mists of doubts obscure his  
beams,

Our Guide is Errour, and our Visions, Dreams;

'Twas no false Heraldry, when madness drew

Her Pedigree from those, who too much knew;

Who in deep Mines, for hidden Knowledg,  
toyls,

Like Guns o're-charg'd, breaks, misses, or re-  
coyls;

When subtile Wits have spun their thred too  
fine,

'Tis weak and fragile like *Arachnes* line:

True Piety, without cessation toft

By *Theories*, the practick part is lost,

And like a Ball bandy'd 'twixt Pride and Wit,

Rather then yield, both sides the Prize will  
quit,

Then whilst his Foe, each Gladiator foys,  
 The Atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.  
 Through Seas of knowledg, we our course ad-  
 vance,  
 Discovering still new worlds of Ignorance ;  
 And these Discoveries make us all confess  
 That sublunary Science is but guess,  
 Matters of fact, to man are only known,  
 And what seems more, is meer opinion ;  
 The standers by, see clearly this event,  
 All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent,  
 With their new Light our bold Inspectors press  
 Like *Cham*, to shew their Fathers Nakedness,  
 By whose Example, after-ages may  
 Discover, we more naked are then they ;  
 All humane wisdom to divine, is folly,  
 This Truth, the wisest man made melancholy,

Hope



Hope, or belief, or guess gives some relief,  
 But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief;  
 Who thinks his Wife is Vertuous, though not  
 so,  
 Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.  
 Our God, when Heaven and Earth he did  
 Create,  
 Form'd Man, who should of both participate,  
 If our Lives Motions their's must imitate,  
 Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.  
 When like a Bride-groom from the East, the  
 Sun  
 Sets forth, he thither, whence he came doth  
 run;  
 Into Earth's Spungy Veins, the Ocean sinks  
 Those Rivers to replenish which he drinks;  
 So Learning which from Reasons Fountain  
 springs,  
 Back to the source, some secret Channel brings.

'Tis

(186)

'Tis happy when our Streams of Knowledge  
flow

To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

*Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit Æstas,*

*Sic Ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoq; Finem.*

---

**FINIS.**

---

XUM



THE [4.]  
S O P H Y.

As it was Acted at the Private  
House in *Black Friars* by His  
Majesties Servants.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, at  
the Sign of the Blew Anchor in the  
Lower Walk of the New  
Exchange, 1667.

17

THE

# STOPHY.

As it was Added to the Private  
House in 1814 by His  
Majesty's Command

1814  
1814  
1814

LONDON

Printed by J. M. H. Livingston, at  
the Sign of the Blue Anchor in the  
Lower Walk of the New  
Exchange, 1817.

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## The Prologue.

**H**ither ye come, dislike, and soundo  
The Players, and disgrace the Poet too;  
But he protests against your votes, and swears  
He'll not be try'd by any, but his Peers;  
He claims his priviledge, and says 'tis fit  
Nothing should be the Judge of wit, but Wit.  
Now you will all be Wits, and be I pray;  
And you that discommend it, mend the Play:  
'Tis the best satisfaction, he knows then  
His turn will come, to laugh at you agen.  
But Gentlemen, if ye dislike the Play,  
Pray make no words on't till the second day,  
Or third be past: For we would have you know it,  
The loss will fall on us, not on the Poet:  
For he writes not for money, nor for praise,  
Nor to be call'd a Wit, nor to wear Bayes:  
Cares not for frowns or smiles: so now you'll say,  
Then (why the Devil) did he write a Play?  
He says, 'twas then with him, as now with you,  
He did it when he had nothing else to do.

A a 2

Ac

# Actors.

## Scena Persia.

*Abbas*, King of *Persia*.

*Mirza*, the Prince, his Son.

*Erythea*, the Princess, his Wife.

*Haly*, the King's Favourite. } Enemies to the  
*Mirvan*, *Haly's* Confident. } Prince.

*Abdall*, } Two Lords, Friends to the Prince.  
*Morat*, }

*Caliph*.

*Solyman*, a foolish Courtier.

*Soffy*, the Prince his Son, now King of *Persia*.

*Fatyma*, his Daughter.

2 *Turkish Bashawes*.

3 *Captains*.

2 *Women*.

*Physician*,

*Tormentors*.

---

THE





# THE SOPHY.

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## Actus Primus.

*Enter Abdall and Morat.*

*Mor.* **M**Y Lord, you have good intelligence,  
What news from the Army,  
Any certainty of their design or strength?

*Abd.* We know not their design : But for their  
(strength,

The disproportion is so great, we cannot but  
Expect a fatal consequence.

*Mor.* How great my Lord?

*Abd.* The Turks are fourscore thousand Foot,

And fifty thousand Horse. And we in the whole  
Exceed not forty thousand.

*Mor.* Me-thinks the Prince should know  
That Judgment's more essential to a General,  
Than Courage, if he prove victorious  
'Tis but a happy rashness.

*Abd.* But if he lose the battel, 'tis an error  
Beyond excuse, or remedy, considering  
That half the Lesser *Asia* will follow  
The Victors fortune.

*Mor.* 'Tis his single virtue —  
And terror of his name, that walls us in  
From danger, were he lost, the naked Empire  
Would be a prey expos'd to all Invaders.

*Abd.* But is't not necessary  
The King should know his danger?

*Mor.* To tell him of so great a danger,  
Were but to draw a greater on our selves:  
For though his eye is open as the mornings,  
Towards lusts & pleasures, yet so fast a lethargy  
Has seiz'd his powers towards publick cares and  
He sleeps like death.

*Abd.* He's a man of that strange composition,  
Made up of all the worst extremities  
Of youth, and age.

*Mor.* And though  
He feels the heats of youth, and colds of age,  
Yet neither tempers, nor corrects the other;  
As if there were an Ague in his nature

That

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That still inclines to one extream.

*Abd.* But the *Caliph*, or *Haly*, or some that know  
His softer hours, might best acquaint him with it.

*Mor.* Alas, they shew him nothing  
But in the glass of flattery, if any thing  
May bear a shew of glory, fame, or greatness,  
'Tis multiplied to an immense quantity,  
And stretcht even to Divinity:  
But if it tend to danger, or dishonour,  
They turn about the Perspective, and shew it  
So little, at such distance, so like nothing,  
That he can scarce discern it. (ledge)

*Abd.* 'Tis the fate of Princes, that no know-  
Comes pure to them, but passing through the eyes  
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture  
From every channel; and still bears a relish  
Of Flattery, or private ends.

*Mor.* But danger and necessity  
Dare speak the truth.

*Abd.* But commonly  
They speak not till it is too late:  
And for *Haly*,  
He that shall tell him of the Princes danger,  
But tells him that himself is safe.

*Scene*  
More to be said of this Prince's condition  
And the state of his Kingdom, which I have  
Already told you in the last Act. I shall  
Now begin the second Act, which shall  
Show you the Prince's first interview with  
The Caliph, and the state of his Kingdom.  
The first scene of this Act shall show  
The Prince's first interview with the Caliph,  
And the state of his Kingdom.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Princess, and Solymán.

King. Clear up, clear up, sweet *Erythæa*,  
That cloud that hangs upon thy brow presages  
A greater storm than all the Turkish power  
Can throw upon us, me-thinks I see my fortune  
Settling her looks by thine, and in thy smile  
Sits victory, and in thy frown our ruine:

Why should not hope  
As much erect our thoughts, as fear deject them;

Why should we  
Anticipate our sorrows? 'Tis like those  
That die for fear of death:

What is't you doubt, his courage or his fortune?

Princess. Envy it self could never doubt his  
courage.

King. Then let not love do worse, by doubting  
Which is but valours slave; a wise, well-temper'd  
valour;

For such is his, those Giants death and danger,  
Are but his Ministers, and serve a Master  
More to be fear'd than they; & the blind Goddess  
Is led amongst the Captives in his triumph.

Princess. I had rather she had eyes, for if she saw  
Sure she would love him better; but admit (him  
She

She were at once a Goddess, and his slave,  
Yet fortune, valour, all is overborn  
By numbers : as the long resisting Bank  
By the impetuous Torrent.

*King.* That's but rumour ;

Ne're did the Turk invade our Territory,  
But Fame and Terrour doubled still their files :  
But when our Troops encountred, then we found  
Scarce a sufficient matter for our fury. *One brings*  
*Solyman* conduct him in, *word of a Messenger.*  
'Tis surely from the Prince.

*Enter Post, and delivers a Letter.* (is well.

*King.* Give it our Secretaries, I hope the Prince  
*Post.* The Letter will inform you. (*Enter a Mess.*

*Mess.* Sir, the Lords attend you. *Ex. Princess. En-*

*King.* What news from the Army ? (*ter Lords.*

*Lord.* Please you to hear the Letter.

*King.* Read it,

(overthrow,

*Lord.* The Turk enraged with his last years

Hath re-enforc'd his Army with the choice of all  
his Janizars,

And the flow'r of his whole Empire, we  
Understand by some fugitives, that he hath com-  
manded

The Generals to return with victory, or expect  
A shameful death : what I shall further do,  
(Their numbers five times exceeding ours)

I desire to receive directions from your Majesties

*King.* Send away all our Guards (command.

Let

Let fresh supplies of victuals, and of money--

*Lord.* Your Treasures  
Are quite exhausted, the Exchequer's empty.

*King.* Send to the Bankers.

*Ab.* Sir, upon your late demands  
They answered they were poor.

*King.* Sure the Villains hold a correspondence  
With the enemy, and thus they would betray us:  
First give us up to want, then to contempt,  
And then to ruine; but tell those sons of earth  
I'll have their money, or their heads. *Wind a*  
'Tis my command, when such occasions are (born:  
No Plea must serve; 'tis cruelty to spare.

*Another Messenger.*

*Exeunt Lords.*

*King.* The Prince transported with his youthful  
I fear hath gon too far: 'Tis some disaster, (heat,  
Or else he would not send so thick: well, bring  
I am prepar'd to hear the worst of evils. (him in;

*Enter Solyman and two Captains.*

*He to*

*Cap. kisses his hand.* (ches,

*King.* What is the Prince besieged in his Tren-  
And must have speedy aid, or die by famine?  
Or hath he rashly tri'd the chance of War,  
And lost his Army, and his Liberty?  
Tell me what Province they demand for ransom:  
Or if the worst of all mishaps hath fallen,  
Speak, for he could not die unlike himself:  
Speak freely; and yet me-thinks I read  
Something of better fortune in thy looks,  
But dare not hope it.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Sir, the Prince lives.

*King.* And hath not lost his honour?

*Cap.* As safe in honour as in life.

*King.* Nor liberty?

*Cap.* Free as the air he breaths.

*King.* Return with speed:

Tell him he shall have money, victuals, men,  
With all the haste they can be levied. *Farewel.*

*Offers to go.*

*Cap.* But Sir, I have one word more.

*King.* Then be brief.

(venture.

*Cap.* So now you are prepar'd; and I may

*King.* What is't?

(care.

*Cap.* Sir, a Fathers love mixt with a Fathers  
This shewing dangers greater, and that nearer,  
Have rais'd your fears too high; and those re-  
Too suddenly would let in such a deluge (mov'd,  
Of joy, as might oppress your aged spirits,  
Which made me gently first remove your fears,  
That so you might have room to entertain  
Your fill of joy: Your Son's a Conquerour.

*King.* Delude me not with fained hopes, false  
It cannot be. And if he can but make (joys,  
A fair Retreat, I shall account it more (bers  
Than all his former conquests, (those huge num-  
Arm'd with despair) the flow'r of all the Empire.

*Cap.* Sir, I have not us'd to tell you tales or fa-  
bles,

And why should you suspect your happiness,  
Being so constant. On my life 'tis true Sir.

*King.*

*King.* Well, I'll no more suspect  
My fortune, nor thy faith:  
Thou and thy news most welcom: *Solyman*  
Go call the *Princesses* and the *Lords*, they shall  
Participate our joyes, as well as cares.

*Enter Princesses and Lords.* (clouds,

*King.* Fair daughter, blow away those mists &  
And let thy eyes shine forth in their full lustre;  
Invest them with thy loveliest smiles, put on  
Thy choicest looks: his coming will deserve  
them. (safety?

*Princess.* What, is the Prince return'd with  
'Tis beyond belief or hope:

*King.* I, sweet *Erythea*;  
Laden with spoils and honour: all thy fears,  
Thy wakeful terrors, and affrighting dreams,  
Thy morning sighs, and evening tears have now  
Their full rewards. And you my *Lords*,  
Prepare for *Masques* & *Triumphs*: Let no cir-  
Be wanting, that becomes (cumstance  
The greatness of our State, or Joy.  
Behold he comes.

*Enter Prince with Captains, and two  
Captive Bashawes.*

*King.* Welcom brave son, as welcom to thy  
As *Phæbus* was to *Jove*, when he had slain (father  
Th' ambitious Giants that assail'd the sky;  
And as my power resembles that of *Joves*,  
So shall thy glory like high *Phæbus* shine  
As bright and as immortal,

*Prince,*



*Prince.* Great Sir, all acquisition  
Of Glory as of Empire, here I lay before  
Your Royal feet, happy to be the Instrument  
To advance either : Sir I challenge nothing,  
But am an humble suitor for these prisoners,  
The late Commanders of the Turkish powers,  
Whose valours have deserv'd a better fortune.

*King.* Then what hath thine deserv'd ? th'are  
thine brave *Mirzah*,  
Worthy of all thy Royal Ancestors, (true,  
And all those many Kingdoms, which their ver-  
Or got, or kept, though thou hadst not been  
born to't.

But daughter still your looks are sad,  
No longer I'll defer your joys, go take him  
Into thy chaste embrace, and whisper to him  
That welcom which those blushes promise.

*Exit King.*

*Prince.* My *Erythæa*, why entertain'st thou  
with so sad a brow  
My long desir'd return ? thou wast wont  
With kisses and sweet smiles, to welcom home  
My victories, though bought with sweat and  
And long expected. (bloud ;

*Princess.* Pardon Sir ;  
'Tis with our souls  
As with our eyes, that after a long darkness  
Are dazled at the approach of sudden light :  
When i'th' midst of fears we are surpriz'd  
With unexpected happinels : the first  
Degrees of joy are meer astonishment. And

And 'twas so lately in a dreadful dream  
 I saw my Lord so near destruction,  
 Deprived of his eyes, a wretched Captive ;  
 Then shriekt my self awake, then slept again  
 And dream't the same ; my ill presaging fancy  
 Suggesting still 'twas true.

*Prince.* Then I forgive thy sadness, since love  
 caus'd it,  
 For love is full of fears ; and fear the shadow  
 Of danger, like the shadow of our bodies,  
 Is greater then, when that which is the cause  
 Is farthest off

*Princess.* But still there's something  
 That checks my joys,  
 Nor can I yet distinguish  
 Which is an apparition, this, or that.

*Prince.* An apparition ?  
 At night I shall resolve that doubt, and make  
 Thy dreams more pleasing. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Haly and Mirvan.*

*Mir.* The time has been, my Lord,  
 When I was no such stranger to your thoughts,  
 You were not wont to wear upon your brow  
 A frown, or smile, but still have thought me  
 At least to know the cause. (worthy,

*Ha.* 'Tis true,  
 Thy breast hath ever been the Cabinet  
 Where I have lockt my secrets.

*Mir.* And did you ever find

That

That any art could pick the lock, or power  
Could force it open.

*Ha.* No, I have ever found thee  
Trusty and secret. But is't observ'd i'th' Court  
That I am sad? (course,

*Mir.* Observ'd? 'tis all mens wonder and dis-  
That in a Joy so great, so universal,  
You should not bear a part.

*Ha.* Discour'ft of too?

*Mir.* Nothing but treason  
More commonly, more boldly spoken.  
So singular a sadness

Must have a cause as strange as the effect :  
And grief conceal'd, like hidden fire consumes ;  
Which flaming out, would call in help to quench

*Ha.* But since thou canst not mend it, (it.  
To let thee know it, will but make thee worse ;  
Silence and time shall cure it.

*Mir.* But in diseases when the cause is known,  
'Tis more than half the cure : you have my Lord  
My heart to counsel, and my hands to act,  
And my advice and actions both have met  
Success in things unlikely.

*Ha.* But this  
Is such a secret, I dare hardly trust it  
To my own soul. And though it be a crime  
In friendship to betray a trusted Counsel,  
Yet to conceal this were a greater crime,  
And of a higher nature. *Mir.* Now I know it,  
And your endeavour to conceal it.

Speaks

Speaks it more plainly. 'Tis some plot upon the Prince. (searcht it,

*Ha.* Oh thou hast touch't my Sore, and having  
Now heal it if thou canst : The Prince hates me,  
Or loves me not, or loves another better ;  
Which is all one. This being known in Court,  
Has rendred me despis'd, and scorn'd of all :  
For I that in his absence

Blaz'd like a star of the first magnitude,  
Now in his brighter sun-shine am not seen :  
No applications now, no troops of suitors ;  
No power, no not so much as to do mischief,

*Mir.* My Lord, I am asham'd of you,  
So ill a master in an art, so long  
Profest, and practiz'd by you, to be angry,  
And angry with a Prince. And yet to shew it  
In a sad look, or womanish complaint :  
How can you hope to compass your designs,  
And not dissemble 'em. Go flatter & adore him,  
Stand first among the crowd of his admirers.

*Ha.* Oh I have often spread those nets, but he  
Hath ever been too wise to think them real.

*Mir.* However,  
Dissemble still, thank him for all his injuries ;  
Take 'em for favours ; if at last (son  
You cannot gain him ; some pretty nimble poy-  
May do the feat. Or if he will abroad,  
Find him some brave and honourable danger.

*Ha.* Have I not found him out as many dangers  
As *Juno* did for *Hercules* : yet he returns

Like

Like *Hercules*, doubled in strength and honour.

*Mir.* If danger cannot do it, then try pleasure,  
Which when no other enemy survives,  
Still conquers all the Conquerers. Endeavour  
To soften his ambition into lust,  
Contrive fit opportunities, and lay  
Baits for temptation.

*Ha.* Ile leave nothing unattempted :  
But sure this will not take ; for all his Passions,  
Affections, and Faculties are slaves  
Only to his ambition.

*Mir.* Then let him fall by his own greatness,  
And puffe him up with glory, till it swell  
And break him. First, betray him to himself,  
Then to his ruine : From his virtues suck a  
poysen, (Father,  
As Spiders do from flowers ; praise him to his  
You know his nature : Let the Princes glory  
Seem to eclipse, and cast a cloud on his ; (lie :  
And let fall something that may raise his jealousy :  
But lest he should suspect it, draw it from him  
As Fishers do the bait, to make him follow it.

*Ha.* But the old King is so suspicious.

*Mir.* But withall

Most fearful : He that views a Fort to take it,  
Plants his Artillery 'gainst the weakest part :  
Work on his fears, till fear hath made him cruel ;  
And cruelty shall make him fear again. (ed  
Methinks (my Lord) you that so oft have sound-  
And fathom'd all his thoughts, that know the  
deeps B b And

And shallows of his heart, should need no instruments

To advance your ends; his passions, and his fear  
Lie Liegers for you in his brest, and there  
Negotiate your affairs.

*Enter King, Solyman, and Lords to them.*

*King. Solyman,* Be it your care to entertain the  
And the Prisoners, & use them kindly. (*Captains*)

*Sol.* Sir, I am not for entertainments now I am  
melancholy.

*King.* What, griev'd for your good fortune?

*Sol.* No Sir, but now the wars are done, we  
have no pretences

To put off Creditors: I am haunted Sir.

*King.* Not with Ghosts.

*Sol.* No Sir,

Material and Substantial Devils. (*them*?)

*King.* I know the cause, what is't thou ow'st

*Sol.* Not much Sir, but so much as spoils me  
for a good fellow;

'Tis but 2000 Dollars. A small sum--to you Sir.

*King.* Well, it shall be paid.

*Sol.* Then if the Devil come, for drinking let  
me alone with him.

Well, Drink, I love thee but too well already,  
But I shall love thee better hereafter; I have often  
Drunk my self into debt, but never out of debt  
till now.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus primi.*

*Actus*

## Actus Secundus.

## Scena Prima.

Enter Prince, Haly, Captains and Prisoners,  
Bashawes.

Prince. Pray let these strangers find such enter-  
As you would have desir'd, (tainment  
Had but the chance of war determin'd it  
For them, as now for us. And you brave enemies  
Forget your Nation, and ungrateful Master;  
And know that I can set so high a price  
On valour, though in foes, as to reward it  
With trust and honour.

1. Bashaw. Sir, your twice conquered Vassals,  
First by your courage, then your clemency,  
Here humbly vow to sacrifice their lives,  
(The gift of this your unexampled mercy)  
To your commands and service.

Prince to Haly. I pray (my Lord) second my suit,  
I have already mov'd the King in private,  
That in our next years expedition they may have  
Some command.

Ha. I shall, my Lord,  
And glad of the occasion.

*aside:*

I wonder Sir, you'll leave the Court, the sphere  
Where all your graces in full lustre shine.

*Prince. I Haly*, but the reputation  
Of virtuous actions past, if not kept up  
With an access, and fresh supply of new ones,  
Is lost and soon forgotten : and like Palaces,  
For want of habitation and repair,  
Dissolve to heaps of ruine.

*Ha.* But can you leave, Sir,  
Your old indulgent Father, and forsake  
The embraces of so fair, so chaste a Wife ?  
And all the beauties of the Court besides,  
Are mad in love, and dote upon your person :  
And is't not better sleeping in their arms,  
Than in a cold Pavilion in the Camp ?  
Where your short sleeps are broke and inter-  
With noises and alarms. (rupted

*Prince. Haly*, Thou know'st not me, how I  
despise  
These short and empty pleasures ; and how low  
They stand in my esteem, which every Peasant,  
The meanest Subject in my Fathers Empire  
Enjoys as fully, in as high perfection  
As he or I ; and which are had in common  
By beasts as well as men : wherein they equal,  
If not exceed us ; pleasures to which we're led  
Only by sence, those creatures which have least  
Of reason, most enjoy.

*Ha.* Is not (nough  
The Empire you are born to, a Scene large e-  
To



To exercise your virtues? There are virtues  
Civil as well as military; for the one (ready;  
You have given the world an ample proofal-  
Now exercise the other, 'tis no less

To govern justly, make your Empire flourish  
With wholesom laws, in riches, peace & plenty,  
Than by the expence of wealth and bloud to  
New acquisitions. (make

*Prince.* That I was born so great, I owe to  
Fortune,

And cannot pay that debt, till vertue set me  
High in example, as I am in title; (ons  
Till what the world calls fortune's gifts, my acti-  
May stile their own rewards, and those too little.  
Princes are then themselves, when they arise  
More glorious in mens thoughts than in their

*Ha.* Sir, your fame (eyes.  
Already fills the world, and what is infinite  
Cannot receive degrees, but will swallow  
All that is added; as our Caspian Sea  
Receives our Rivers, and yet seems not fuller:  
And if you tempt her more, the wind of fortune  
May come about, and take another point  
And blast your glories.

*Prince.* No,  
My glories are past danger, they're full blown:  
Things that are blasted, are but in their bud;  
And as for fortune, I nor love, nor fear her:  
I am resolv'd, go *Haly*, flatter still your aged Ma-  
ster,

Still sooth him in his pleasures, and still grow  
Great by those arts.

Well, farewell Court,  
Where vice not only hath usurp't the place,  
But the reward, and even the name of vertue.

*He.* Still, still,  
Slighted and scorn'd; yet this affront  
Hath stamp't a noble title on my malice,  
And married it to Justice. The King is old,  
And when the Prince succeeds,  
I'me lost past all recovery: then I  
Must meet my danger, and destroy him first;  
But cunningly, and closely, or his son  
And wife, like a fierce Tygres will devour me.  
There's danger every way; and since 'tis so,  
'Tis brave, and noble, when the falling weight  
Of my own ruine crushes those I hate:  
But how to do it, that's the work; he stands  
So high in reputation with the people,  
There's but one way, and that's to make his  
father

The instrument, to give the name, and envy  
To him; but to my self the prize and glory.  
He's old and jealous, apt for suspicions, 'gainst  
which Tyrants ears

Are never clos'd. The Prince is young,  
Fierce, and ambitious, I must bring together  
All these extreams, and then remove all Medi-  
That each may be the others object. (ums,

*Enter*

*Enter Mirvan.*

*Mir.* My Lord,

Now if your plots be ripe, you are befriended  
With opportunity; the King is melancholy,  
Apted for any ill impressions.  
Make an advantage of the Princes absence,  
Urge some suspected cause of his departure,  
Use all your art: he's coming. *Exit Mir.*

*Enter King.*

*Ha.* Sir, have you known an action of such  
glory  
Less swell'd with ostentation, or a mind  
Less tainted with felicity? 'Tis a rare temper in  
the Prince.

*King.* Is it so rare to see a son so like  
His Father? Have not I performed actions  
As great, and with as great a moderation?

*Ha.* I Sir, but that's forgotten.  
Actions o'th' last Age are like Almanacks o'th'  
last Year.

*King.* 'Tis well; but with all his conquests,  
what I get in Empire  
I lose in fame: I think my self no gainer.  
But am I quite forgotten?

*Ha.* Sir, you know  
Age breeds neglect in all, and actions  
Remote in time, like objects  
Remote in place, are not beheld at half their  
greatness;  
And what is new, finds better acceptance,

Bb 4

Than

Than what is good or great : yet some old men  
Tell Stories of you in their chimney corners.

*King.* No otherwise.

*Ha.* They're all so full of him : some magnifie  
His courage, some his wit, but all admire  
A greatness so familiar.

*King.* Sure *Haly*

Thou hast forgot thy self : art thou a Courtier,  
Or I a King? my ears are unacquainted  
With such bold truths ; especially from thee.

*Ha.* Sir, when I am call'd to't, I must speak  
Boldly and plainly. (stance,

*King.* But with what eagerness, what circum-  
Unaskt, thou tak'st such pains to tell me only  
My son's the better man.

*Ha.* Sir, where Subjects want the priviledge  
To speak ; there Kings may have the priviledge,  
To live in ignorance.

*King.* If 'twere a secret that concern'd my life  
Or Empire, then this boldness might become  
thee ;

But such unnecessary rudeness favours  
Of some design.

And this is such a false and squint-eyed praise,  
Which seeming to look upwards on his glories,  
Looks down upon my fears ; I know thou hat'st  
him ;

And like infected persons fain wouldst rub  
The ulcer of thy malice upon me,

*Ha.*

*Ha.* Sir, I almost believe you speak your thoughts,

But that I want the guilt to make me fear it.

*King.* What mean these guilty blushes then?

*Ha.* Sir, if I blush, it is because you do not,  
To upbraid so try'd a servant, that so often  
Have wak'd that you might sleep; and been  
expos'd

To dangers for your safety.

*King.* And therefore think'st  
Thou art so wrapt, so woven into all  
My trusts and counsels, that I now must suffer  
All thy Ambition aims at.

*Ha.* Sir, if your love grows weary,  
And thinks you have worn me long enough,  
I'me willing

To be left off; but he's a foolish Sea-man,  
That when his Ship is sinking, will not  
Unlade his hopes into another bottom.

*King.* I understand no Allegories.

*Ha.* And he's as ill a Courtier, that when  
His Master's old, desires not to comply  
With him that must succeed. *King.* But if  
He will not be comply'd with? *Ha.* Oh Sir,  
There's one sure way, and I have known it  
practiz'd

In other States. *King.* What's that?

*Ha.* To make  
The Fathers life the price of the sons favour,  
To walk upon the graves of our dead Masters

To

To our own security.

*King starts and  
scratches his head.*

*Ha. aside.* 'Tis this must take: Does this plainness please you Sir?

*King. Haly:* thou know'st my nature, too too apt

To these suspicions; but I hope the question Was never mov'd to thee.

*Ha.* In other Kingdoms, Sir.

*King.* But has my Son no such design?

*Ha.* Alas,

You know I hate him; and should I tell you He had, you'd say it was but malice.

*King.* No more of that good *Haly*, I know thou lov'st me:

But lest the care of future safety tempt thee To forfeit present loyalty; or present loyalty Forfeit thy future safety,

Ile be your reconciler: call him hither:

*Ha.* Oh Sir, I wish he were within my call, or yours.

*King.* Why where is he?

*Ha.* He has left the Court, Sir:

*King.* I like not these Excursions, why so suddenly?

*Ha.* 'Tis but a folly of youth, yet some say he's discontented.

*King.* That grates my heart-strings. What should discontent him?

Except he think I live too long.

*Ha.*

*Ha.* Heaven forbid :

And yet I know no cause of his departure;  
I'm sure he's honoured, and lov'd by all ;  
The Souldiers god, the Peoples Idol. *King. I, Haly,*  
The Persians still worship the rising sun.

But who went with him ? *Ha.* None but the  
Captains.

*King.* The Captains ? I like not that.

*Ha.* Never fear it, Sir:

'Tis true, they love him but as their General,  
not their Prince.

And though he be most forward and ambitious,  
'Tis temper'd with so much humility.

*King.* And so much the more dangerous ;  
There are some that use  
Humility to serve their pride, and seem  
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder  
At their wisht journey's end.

*Ha.* Sir, I know not  
What ways or ends you mean ; 'tis true  
In popular States, or where the Princes Title  
Is weak, & must be propt by the peoples power ;  
There by familiar ways 'tis necessary  
To win on mens affections. But none of these  
Can be his end.

*King.* But there's another end.  
For if his glories rise upon the ruines  
Of mine, why not his greatness too ?

*Ha.* True Sir,  
Ambition is like love, impatient

Both

Both of delays and rivals. But Nature.---

*King.* But Empire.---

*Ha.* I had almost forgot Sir, he has  
A suit to your Majesty. *King.* What is't?

*Ha.* To give the Turkish prisoners some com-  
In the next action. (mand

*King.* Nay, then 'tis too apparent,  
He fears my Subjects loyalty, (plainly,  
And now must call in strangers; come deal  
I know thou canst discover more.

*Ha.* I can discover (Sir) (gers.  
The depth of your great judgment in such dan-  
*King.* What shall I do *Haly*?

*Ha.* Your wisdom is so great, it were pre-  
sumption for me to advise.

*King.* Well, we'll consider more of that, but  
for the present (thank thee  
Let him with speed be sent for. *Mahomet*, I  
I have one faithful servant, honest *Haly*. *Exit*

*Enter Mirvan.* *King.*

*Mir.* How did he take it?

*Ha.* Swallow'd it as greedily  
As parched earth drinks rain.  
Now the first part of our design is over,  
His ruine; but the second, our security,  
Must now be thought on. (his fury

*Mir.* My Lord, you are too sudden; though  
Determine rashly, yet his colder fear  
Before it executes, consults with reason,

And



And that not satisfied with shews, or shadows,  
Will ask to be convinc'd by something real;  
Now must we frame some plot, and then discover it.

*Ha.* Or intercept some Letter, which our selves  
Had forg'd before.

*Mir.* And still admire the miracle,  
And thank the providence.

*Ha.* Then we must draw in some body  
To be the publick Agent, that may stand  
'Twixt us and danger, and the peoples envy.

*Mir.* Who fitter than the grand *Caliph*?  
And he will set a grave religious face  
Upon the business.

*Ha.* But if we cannot work him,  
For he's so full of foolish scruples;  
Or if he should prove false, and then betray us.

*Mir.* Betray us? sure (my Lord) your fear has  
blinded  
Your understanding; for what serves the King?  
Will not his threats work more than our per-  
swasions, (rant  
While we look on, and laugh, and seem as igno-  
As unconcern'd; and thus appearing friends  
To either side, on both may work our ends.

*Enter Mess.*

*Mess.* My Lord, the Turkish *Bashaws*  
Desire access

*Ha.* Admit 'em, I know their business.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* They long to hear with what success  
The King in their behalf. (you mov'd

*Ha.* But now they're come, I'll make 'em do  
Better than I did theirs. (my business

*Mir.* Leave us a while. *Ex. Mir.*

*Enter two Bashaws.*

*Ha.* My Lords, my duty and affection to the  
Prince,

And the respects I owe to men of honour,  
Extort a secret from me, which yet I grieve to  
utter:

The Prince departing, left to me the care  
Of your affairs, which I, as he commanded,  
Have recommended to the King, but with so  
A success---

*1. Bas.* My Lord, fear not to speak our doom,  
while we

Fear not to hear it: we were lost before,  
And can be ready now to meet that fate  
We then expected.

*Ha.* Though he that brings unwelcome news  
Has but a losing Office, yet he that shews  
Your danger first, and then your way to safety,  
May heal that wound he made. You know the  
King

With jealous eyes hath ever lookt awry  
On his Sons actions, but the fame and glory  
Of the last war hath rais'd another spirit;  
Envy and Jealousie are twin'd together,  
Yet both lay hid in his dissembled smiles,

Like

Like two concealed serpents, till I, unhappy I,  
Moving this question, trod upon them both;  
And rouz'd their sleeping angers, then casting  
from him

His doubts, and straight confirm'd in all his fears,  
Decrees to you a speedy death, to his own son  
A close restraint: but what will follow  
I dare not think; you by a sudden flight may  
find your safety. (gers,

2 *Bas.* Sir, Death and we are not such stran-  
That we should make dishonour, or ingratitude  
The price of life; it was the Princes gift,  
And we but wear it for his sake and service,

*Ha.* Then for his sake and service  
Pray follow my advice: though you have lost  
the favour

Of your unworthy Master; yet in the Provinces  
You lately governed, you have those depen-  
dances

And interests, that you may raise a power  
To serve the Prince: Ile give him timely notice  
To stand upon his guard.

1 *Bas.* My Lord, we thank you,  
But we must give the Prince intelligence,  
Both when, and how to imploy us.

*Ha.* If you will write,  
Commit it to my care and secrecy,  
To see it safe convey'd.

2 *Bas.* We shall my Lord.

*Ex.*

*Ha.* These men were once the Princes foes, and  
then Un-

Unwillingly they made him great : but now  
 Being his friends, shall willingly undo him ;  
 And which is more, be still his friends.  
 What little Arts govern the world ! we need not  
 An armed enemy, or corrupted friend ;  
 When service but misplac'd, or love mistaken  
 Performs the work : nor is this all the use  
 I'll make of them ; when once they are in Arms,  
 Their Master shall be wrought to think these  
                   forces  
 Rais'd against him ; and this shall so endear me  
 To him, that though dull vertue and the gods  
 O'recome my subtle mischief, I may find  
 A safe retreat, and may at least be sure,  
 If not more mighty, to be more secure. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

---

*Actus*

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter King and Haly.

*King.* But *Haly*, what confederates ha's the  
In his conspiracy ? (Prince

*Ha.* Sir, I can yet suspect  
None but the Turkish prisoners, and that only  
From their late sudden flight.

*King.* Are they fled ? For what ?

*Ha.* That, their own fears best know ; their  
entertainment

I'm sure was such as could not minister  
Suspicion, or dislike : but sure they're conscious  
Of some intended mischief, and are fled  
To put it into act.

*King.* This still confirms me more ;  
But let 'em be pursu'd : let all the passages  
Be well secur'd, that no intelligence  
May pass between the Prince and them.

*Ha.* It shall be done, Sir.

*King.* Is the *Caliph* prepar'd ?

C c

*Ha*

*Ha.* He's without, Sir,  
And waits your pleasure.

*King.* Call him.

*Enter Haly and Caliph.*

*King.* I have a great design to act, in which  
The greatest part is thine. In brief 'tis this,  
I fear my Sons high spirit ; and suspect  
Designs upon my Life and Crown.

*Ca.* Sure, Sir, your fears are causeless ;  
Such thoughts are strangers to his noble soul.

*King.* No, 'tis too true ; I must prevent my  
danger,  
And make the first attempt: there's no such way  
To avoid a blow, as to strike first, and sure.

*Ca.* But, Sir, I hope my function shall exempt me  
From bearing any part in such designs.

*King.* Your function ! [*Laughs*] Do you  
think that Princes  
Will raise such men so near themselves for no-  
thing ?  
We but advance you to advance our purposes :  
Nay, even in all Religions,  
Their Learned'st, and their seeming holiest men,  
but serve

To work their Masters ends ; and varnish o're  
Their actions, with some specious pious colour:  
No scruples ; do't, or by our holy Prophet,  
The death my rage intends to him, is thine.

*Ca.* Sir, 'tis your part to will, mine to obey.

*King.* Then be wise and sudden.

*Enter*

*Enter Lords as to Council.*

Ab. Mor.

*Ca.* My Lords, it grieves me to relate the cause  
Of this Assembly; and 'twill grieve you all:  
The prince you know stands high in all those  
graces

Which Nature, seconded by fortune, gives:  
Wisdom he ha's, and to his Wisdom Courage;  
Temper to that, and unto all, Success. But  
Ambition, the disease of Virtue, bred  
Like surfets from an undigested fulness,  
Meets death in that which is the means of life,  
Great *Mahomet*, to whom our Sovereigns life,  
And Empire is most dear, appearing, thus  
Advis'd me in a Vision; Tell the King,  
The Prince his Son attempts his Life & Crown;  
And though no creature lives that more admires  
His vertues, nor affects his person more  
Than I; yet zeal and duty to my Sovereign  
Have cancell'd all respects; nor must we slight  
The Prophets Revelations.

*Abd.* Remember, Sir, he is your Son,  
Indeared to you by a double bond,  
As to his King, and Father.

*King.* And the remembrance of that double bond  
Doubles my sorrows. 'Tis true,  
Nature and duty bind him to Obedience;  
But those being placed in a lower sphere,  
His fierce ambition, like the highest mover,  
Has hurried with a strong impulsive motion  
Against their proper course. But since he has for-

got

C c 2

The

The duty of a son, I can forget  
The affections of a Father.

*Abd.* But, Sir, in the beginning of diseases  
None try the extreamest remedies.

*King.* But when they're sudden,  
The cure must be as quick ; when I'me dead,  
you'll say,  
My fears have been too slow : Treasons are  
acted,  
As soon as thought, though they are ne're be-  
lieved

Until they come to act.

*Mor.* But consider, Sir, (himself)  
The greatness of the attempt, the people love  
The lookers on, and the enquiring vulgar  
Will talk themselves to action : thus by  
avoyding

A danger but suppos'd, you tempt a real one.

*King.* Those Kings whom envy, or the peo-  
ples murmur

Deters from their own purposes, deserve not  
Nor know not their own greatness ;  
The peoples murmur, 'tis a sulphurous vapour  
Breath'd from the bowels of the basest earth ;  
And it may soyl, and blast things near it self :  
But ere it reach the region we are plac'd in,  
It vanishes to ayr ; we are above  
The sence or danger of such storms.

*Cap.* True Sir, they are but storms while  
Royalty

Stand



Stands like a Rock, and the tumultuous vulgar,  
Like billows rais'd with wind, (that's with  
opinion)

May roar, and make a noise, and threaten ;  
But if they rowl too near, they're dash't in pieces  
While they stand firm.

*Abd.* Yet Sir, Crowns are not plac'd so high,  
But vulgar hands may reach'em.

*King.* Then 'tis when they are plac'd on vul-  
gar heads.

*Abd.* But Sir,  
Look back upon your self; why should your son  
Anticipate a hope so near, so certain ? we may  
wish and pray

For your long life : but neither prayers nor  
power

Can alter Fates decree, or Natures Law,  
Why should he ravish then that Diadem  
From your gray temples, which the hand of  
time

Must shortly plant on his ?

*King.* My Lords,  
I see you look upon me as a Sun  
Now in his West, half buried in a cloud,  
Whose rays the vapours of approaching night  
Have rendred weak and faint : But you shall  
find

That I can yet shoot beams, whose heat can  
melt

The waxen wings of this ambitious Boy.

Nor runs my blood so cold, nor is my arm  
So feeble yet, but he that dares defend him,  
Shall feel my vengeance, and shall usher me  
Into my grave.

*Ab.* Sir, we defend him not,  
Only desire to know his crime: 'Tis possible  
It may be some mistake, or mis-report,  
Some false suggestion, or malicious scandal:  
Or if ambition be his fault, 'twas yours;  
He had it from you when he had his being:  
Nor was't his fault, nor yours, for 'tis in Princes  
A crime to want it; from a noble spirit  
Ambition can no more be separated,  
Than heat from fire: Or if you fear the Vision,  
Will you suspect the noble Prince, because  
This holy man is troubled in his sleep?  
Because his crazy stomach wants concoction,  
And breeds ill fumes; or his melancholy spleen  
Sends up phantastick vapours to his brain:  
Dreams are but dreams, these causeless fears be-  
come not  
Your noble soul.

*King.* Who speaks another word  
Hath spoke his last: Great *Mahomet* we thank  
thee,  
Protector of this Empire, and this life,  
Thy cares have met my fears; this on pre-  
sumptions  
Strong and apparent, I have long presag'd:  
And though a Prince may punish what he fears,  
Without

Without account to any but the Gods;  
 Wise States as often cut off ills that may be,  
 As those that are; and prevent purposes  
 Before they come to practise; and foul practises  
 Before they grow to act. You cannot but ob-  
 serve

How he dislikes the Court, his rude departure,  
 His honour from the people and the souldiers,  
 His seeking to oblige the Turks, his prisoners,  
 Their sudden and suspected flight:  
 And above all, his restless towering thoughts

*A Horn winded without.*

*King.* If the business be important,  
 Admit him.

*Enter Post with a Letter.*

*Post.* Sir, upon your late command  
 To guard the passages, and search all packets,  
 This to the Prince was intercepted.

*King opens it, and reads it to him self.*

*King.* Here *Abdal*, read it. *Abdal reads.*

*The Letter.*

*Ab. reads.* Sir, we are assured how unnaturally  
 your fathers intentions  
 Are towards you, and how cruel towards us;  
 we have  
 Made an escape, not so much to seek our own,  
 As to be instruments of your safety: We will be  
 In arms upon the borders, upou your command,  
 Either to seek danger with you, or to receive you  
 If you please, to seek safety with us.

Cc 4

*King.*

*King.* Now my Lords,  
 Alas my fears are causless, and ungrounded,  
 Fantastick dreams, and melancholick fumes  
 Of crazy stomachs, and distempered brains :  
 Has this convinc'd you ?

*Mor.* Sir, we see  
 Some reason you should fear, but whom, we  
 know not ;  
 'Tis possible these Turks may play the Villains,  
 Knowing the Prince, the life of all our hopes,  
 Staff of our Age, and pillar of our Empire ;  
 And having fail'd by force, may use this Art  
 To ruine him, and by their treason here  
 To make their peace at home.  
 Now should this prove a truth, when he ha's  
 suffered  
 Death, or disgrace, which are to him the same ;  
 'Twill be too late to say you were mistaken ;  
 And then to cry him mercy : Sir, we beseech you  
 A while suspend your doom, till time produce  
 Her wonted off-spring, Truth.

*King.* And so expecting  
 The event of what you think, shall prove the  
 experiment  
 Of what I fear ; but since he is my son,  
 I cannot have such violent thoughts toward him,  
 As his towards me : he only shall remain  
 A prisoner till his death or mine enlarge him.

*Ex. Lords. Man. Haly.*

*Solyman.*

*Solyman peeps in.*

*King.* Away, away, we're serious.

*Sol.* But not so serious to neglect your safety.

*King.* Art thou in earnest?

*Sol.* Nay Sir, I can be serious as well as my  
betters.

*King.* What's the matter?

*Sol.* No, I am an inconsiderable fellow, and  
know nothing.

*King.* Let's hear that nothing then.

*Sol.* The Turks, Sir.

*King.* What of them?

*Sol.* When they could not overcome you by  
force, they'll

Do it by treachery.

*King.* As how?

*Sol.* Nay I can see as far into a millstone, as  
another man.

They have corrupted some ill-affected persons.

*King.* What to do?

*Sol.* To nourish Jealousies 'twixt you and  
your Son.

*King.* My son! Where is he?

*Sol.* They say he's posting hither.

*King.* Haly, we are betrayed, prevented, look  
to the Ports, and let

The Guards be doubled: how far's his Army  
hence?

Is the City in arms to joyn with him?

*Sol.* Arms? and joyn with him? I understand  
you not.

*King.*

*King.* Didst thou not say the Prince was coming?

*Sol.* I heard some foolish people say you had sent for Him, as a Traytor, which to my apprehension was on

Purpose spoken to make you odious, and him desperate;

And so divide the people into faction. A Plot of Dangerous consequence, as I take it, 'Sir.

*King.* And is this all, thou sawcy trifling fool?

*Haly.* Sir, this seeming fool is a concealed dangerous knave;

(do Under that safe disguise he thinks he may say or Any thing: you'll little think him the chief

conspirator,

The only spy to inform the Prince of all is done in Court.

*King.* Let him be rack'd, till he confess

The whole conspiracy.

*Sol.* Rackt! I have told you all I know, and more;

There's nothing more in me, Sir, but may be squeezed

Out without racking, only a stoop or two of Wine;

And if there had not been too much of that, you had

Not had so much of the other.

*King.* That's your cunning, firrah.

*Sol.*

*Sol.* Cunning, Sir! I am no Polititian, and  
was ever thought to have  
Too little wit; and too much plain dealing for  
a States-man.

*Exit.*

*King.* Away with him.

*Ha.* But something must be done, Sir, to satisfie  
the people:

'Tis not enough to say he did design,  
Or plot, or think, but did attempt some vio-  
lence;

And then some strange miraculous escape:  
For which our Prophet must have publick  
thanks:

And this false colour shall delude the eyes  
Of the amazed vulgar.

*King.* 'Tis well advis'd.

*Enter Mess.*

*Mess.* Sir, His Highness is return'd.

*King.* And unconstrain'd? But with what  
change of countenance

Did he receive the message?

*Mess.* With some amazement;  
But such as sprung from wonder, not from fear;  
It was so unexpected.

*King.* Leave us.

*Haly,* I ever found thee honest; truer to me  
Than mine own bloud, and now's the time to  
shew it:

For thou art he my love and trust hath chosen  
To put in action my design: surprize him

*As*

As he shall pass the Galleries. I'll place  
A guard behind the Arras; when thou hast him,  
Since blinded with ambition, he did soar  
Like a feel'd Dove; his crime shall be his punishment

To be depriv'd of sight, which see perform'd  
With a hot steel: Now as thou lov'st my safety  
Be resolute, and sudden.

*Ha.* 'Tis severe;  
But yet I dare not intercede, it shall be done:  
But is that word irrevocable?

*King.* I, as years, or ages past; relent not, if  
thou do'st-- *Exit King.*

*Enter Mirvan.*

*Mir.* Why so melancholy? is the design discovered?

*Ha.* No, but I am made the instrument,  
That still endeavour'd to disguise my plots  
With borrowed looks, and make 'em walk in  
darkness,

To act 'em now my self; be made the mark  
For all the peoples hate, the Princess curses,  
And his sons rage, or the old Kings inconstancy.  
For this to Tyranny belongs,  
To forget service, but remember wrongs.

*Mir.* But could not you contrive  
Some fine pretence to cast it on some other?

*Ha.* No, he dare trust no other: had I given  
But the least touch of any private quarrel,  
My malice to his son; not care of him,

Had



Had then begot this service.

*Mir.* 'Tis but t'other plot, my Lord; you know  
The King by other wives had many sons :  
*Soffy* is but a Child, and you already (me  
Command the Emperours Guard ; procure for  
The Government o'th City ; when he dies,  
Urge how unfortunate those States have been  
Whose Princes are but children : then set the  
Crown

Upon some others head, that may acknowledge  
And owe the Empire to your gift.

*Ha.* It shall be done ; *Abdal*, who commands  
The City, is the Princes friend, and therefore  
Must be displac'd, and thou shalt straight suc-  
ceed him.

Thou art my better Genius, honest *Mirvan* ;  
Greatness we owe to Fortune, or to Fate ;  
But wisdom only can secure that state. *Ex.*

*Enter Prince at one door, and Princesses at another.*

*Princess.* You're double welcom now (my  
Lord) your coming  
Was so unlookt for.

*Prince.* To me I'me sure it was ;  
Know'st thou the cause ? for sure it was impor-  
tant,

That calls me back so suddenly.

*Princess.* I am so ignorant,  
I knew not you were sent for.  
Waking I know no cause, but in my sleep  
My fancy still presents such dreams, and terrors,

As

As did *Andromache's* the night before  
 Her *Hektor* fell; but sure 'tis more than fancy,  
 Either our Guardian Angels, or the Gods  
 Inspire us, or some natural instinct  
 Fore-tells approaching dangers.

*Prince.* How does my Father?

*Princess.* Still talks and plays with *Fatyma*,  
 but his mirth

Is forc'd, and strain'd: In his look appears  
 A wild distracted fierceness; I can read  
 Some dreadful purpose in his face; but where  
 This dismal cloud will break, and spend his fury,  
 I dare not think: pray heaven make false his  
 fears.

Sometimes his anger breaks through all disguises,  
 And spares not gods, nor men; and then he  
 seems

Jealous of all the world: suspects, and starts,  
 And looks behind him.

*Enter Morat, as in haste.*

*Mor.* Sir, with hazard of my life I've ventur'd  
 To tell you, you are lost, betray'd, undone;  
 Rouze up your courage, call up all your coun-  
 sels,

And think on all those stratagems which nature  
 Keeps ready to encounter sudden dangers.

*Prince.* But pray (my Lord) by whom? for  
 what offence?

*Mor.* Is it a time for story, when each minute  
 Begets a thousand dangers? the gods protect  
 you.

*Ex.*

*Prince.*

*Prince.* This man was ever honest, and my friend,

And I can see in his amazed look,  
Something of daggers; but in act or thought,  
I never did that thing should make me fear it.

*Princess.* Nay, good Sir, let not so secure a confidence

Betray you to your ruine.

*Prince.* Prethee woman  
Keep to thy self thy fears, I cannot know  
That there is such a thing; I stand so strong,  
Inclosed with a double guard of Vertue,  
And Innocence, that I can look on dangers;  
As he that stands upon a Rock  
Can look on storms and tempests. Fear & guilt  
Are the same thing; & when our actions are not,  
Our fears are crimes.

And he deserves it less that guilty bears  
A punishment, than he that guiltless fears. *Ex.*

*Enter Haly and Torturers.*

*Ha.* This is the place appointed, assist me  
courage!  
This hour ends all my fears; but pause a while.  
Suppose I should discover to the Prince  
The whole conspiracy, and so retort it  
Upon the King; it were an hand som plot,  
But full of difficulties, and uncertain;  
And he's so fool'd with down-right honesty,  
He'll ne're believe it; and now 'tis too late,  
The guards are set, and now I hear him coming.

*Enter*

*Enter Prince, stumbles at the entrance.*

**Prince.** 'Tis ominous, but I will on; destruction

O'retakes as often those that fly, as those that boldly meet it.

**Ha.** By your leave Prince, your father greets you.

**Prince.** Unhand me traytors. [*Haly casts a scarf over his face.*]

**Ha.** That title is your own, and we are sent to let you know it.

**Prince.** Is not that the voice of *Haly* that thunders in my ears?

**Ha.** I, vertuous Prince, I come to make you exercise

One vertue more, your patience. [*Heat the Irons quickly.*]

**Prince.** Insolent villain, for what cause?

**Ha.** Only to gaze upon a while, until your eyes are out.

**Prince.** O villain, shall I not see my Father, To ask him what's my crime? who my accusers? Let me but rry if I can wake his pity From his Lethargick sleep.

**Ha.** It must not be, Sir. (well

**Prince.** Shall I not see my wife, nor bid fare- To my dear Children?

**Ha.** Your pray'rs are all in vain.

**Prince.** Thou shalt have half my Empire *Haly*, let me but

See

See the Tyrant, that before my eyes are lost,  
 They may dart poy's'nous flashes like the Basilisk,  
 And look him dead: These eyes that still were  
 open,  
 Or to fore-see, or to prevent his dangers,  
 Must they be closed in eternal night?  
 Cannot his thirst of blood be satisfied  
 With any but his own? And can his tyranny  
 Find out no other object but his Son?  
 I seek not mercy; tell him, I desire  
 To die at once, not to consume an age  
 In lingring deaths.

*Ha.* Our ears are charm'd: Away with him.

*Prince.* Can ye behold (ye Gods) a wronged  
 Innocent?

Or sleeps your Justice, like my Fathers Mercy?  
 Or are you blind? as I must be.

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

D

Actus

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Abd. and Morat.*

*Ab.* I ever fear'd the Princes too much greatness  
 Would make him less : the greatest heights are  
 The greatest precipice. (near

*Mor.* 'Tis in worldly accidents  
 As in the world it self, where things most distant  
 Meet one another : Thus the East and West,  
 Upon the Globe, a Mathematick point  
 Only divides : Thus happiness and misery,  
 And all extreams are still contiguous. (be

*Ab.* Or, if 'twixt happiness and misery there  
 A distance, 'tis an Aery Vacuum;  
 Nothing to moderate, or break the fall.

*Mor.* But oh this Saint-like Devil !  
 This damned *Caliph*, to make the King believe  
 To kill his son, 's religion.

*Ab.* Poor Princes, how are they mis-led !  
 While they, whose sacred Office 'tis to bring  
 Kings to obey their God, and men their King ;  
 By these mysterious links to fix and tie  
 Them to the foot-stool of the Deity ;  
 Even by these men, Religion, that should be

The

The curb, is made the spur to tyranny :  
They with their double key of conscience bind  
The Subjects souls, and leave Kings unconfin'd ;  
While their poor Vassals sacrifice their blouds  
To Ambition ; and to Avarice, their goods :  
Blind with Devotion. They themselves esteem  
Made for themselves, and all the world for  
them ;

While heavens great Law, given for their guide,  
appears

Just, or unjust, but as it waits on theirs :  
Us'd, but to give the eccho to their words,  
Power to their wills, and edges to their swords.  
To varnish all their errors, and secure  
The ills they act, and all the world endure.  
Thus by their arts Kings aw the world, while  
they,

Religion, as their Mistress, seem t' obey ;  
Yet as their slave command her : while they  
seem

To rise to heaven, they make heaven stoop to  
them.

*Mor.* Nor is this all, where feign'd devotion  
bends

The highest things, to serve the lowest ends :  
For if the many-headed beast hath broke,  
Or shaken from his neck the royal yoke,  
With popular rage, Religion doth conspire,  
Flows into that, and swells the torrent higher ;

D d 2

Then

Then powers first pedigree from force derives,  
 And calls to mind the old prerogatives  
 Of free-born man ; and with a saucy eye  
 Searches the heart and soul of Majesty :  
 Then to a strict account, and censure brings  
 The actions, errors, and the end of Kings ;  
 Treads on authority, and sacred Laws ;  
 Yet all for God, and his pretended cause,  
 Acting such things for him, which he in them,  
 And which themselves in others will condemn ;  
 And thus engag'd, nor safely can retire,  
 Nor safely stand, but blindly bold aspire,  
 Forcing their hopes, even through despair, to  
 climb

To new attempts ; disdain the present time,  
 Grow from disdain to threats, from threats to  
 arms ;

While they (though sons of peace) still sound  
 th' alarms :

Thus whether Kings or people seek extreams,  
 Still conscience and religion are their Theams :  
 And whatsoever change the State invades,  
 The pulpit either forces, or perswades.  
 Others may give the fewel, or the fire ;  
 But they the breath, that makes the flame, in-  
 spire.

*Ab.* This, and much more is true, but let not us  
 Add to our ills, and aggravate misfortunes  
 By passionate complaints, nor lose our selves,  
 Because we have lost him ; for if the Tyrant  
 Were



Were to a son so noble, so unnatural ;  
What will he be to us, who have appear'd  
Friends to that son ?

*Mor.* Well thought on, and in time ;  
Farewel unhappy Prince, while we thy friends,  
As strangers to our Countrey, and our selves,  
Seek out our safety, and expect with patience  
Heavens Justice.

*Ab.* Let's rather act it, than expect it :  
The Princes injuries at our hands require  
More than our tears, and patience :  
His Army is not yet disbanded,  
And only wants a head ; thither we'll fly,  
And all who love the Prince, or hate the Tyrant,  
Will follow us.

*Mor.* Nobly resolv'd ; and either we'll restore  
The Prince, or perish in the brave attempt.  
Ye Gods, since what we mean to execute,  
Is your high office (to avenge the innocent)  
Assist us with a fortune, equal to  
The justice of our action ; lest the world  
Should think it self deluded, and mistrust  
That you want will, or power to be just. *Ex.*

*Enter Haly.*

*Ha.* 'Tis done, and 'twas my master-piece, to  
work  
My safety 'twixt two dangerous extreems ;  
Now like a skilful sayler have I past

D d 3

*Scylla*

*Scylla and Charybdis*, I have seap't the rock  
Of steep Ambition, and the gulf of Jealousie,  
A danger less avoyded, 'cause less fear'd.

*Enter Mirvan.*

*Mir.* What's done, my Lord?

*Ha.* Enough, I warrant you; imprison'd, and  
depriv'd of sight.

*Mir.* No more? This but provokes him: Can  
you think  
Your self secure, and he alive?

*Ha.* The rest o'th' business will do it self;  
He can as well endure a prison, as a wild Bull the  
net:

There let him struggle, and toyl himself to  
death,

And save us so much envy.

*Mir.* But if his Father should relent, such in-  
juries

Can receive no excuse or colour, but to be  
Transfer'd upon his Counsellours; and then  
The forfeiture of them redeems his errour.

*Ha.* We must set a mark upon his passion,  
And as we find it running low,  
What ebbs from his, into our rage shall flow.

Why, should we be more wicked  
Than we must needs?

*Mir.* Nay, if you stick at Conscience,  
More gallant actions have been lost, for want of  
being

Completely wicked, than have been perform'd  
By

By being exactly vertuous. 'Tis hard to be  
 Exact in good, or excellent in ill;  
 Our will wants power, or else our power wants  
 skill. Ex.

*Enter Solymán, and Tormentors.*

*Sol.* But Gentlemen, was the King in earnest?  
 I can scarce believe it.

*Tor.* You will when you feel it.

*Sol.* I pray, have any of you felt it, to tell  
 me what it is?

*Tor.* No, Sir, but  
 Some of your fellow Courtiers can tell you,  
 That use something like it, to mend their shapes.  
 'Twill make you so straight and slender!

*Sol.* Slender! because I was slender in my  
 wits, must I be drawn

Slender in my waste? I'de rather grow wise,  
 And corpulent, like him they call *Abdomen*;

*Tor.* Come, Sir, 'tis but a little stretching.

*Sol.* No, no more's hanging; and sure this  
 will be the death of me:

I remember my Grandmother died of Convulsi-  
 on fits.

*Tor.* Come, Sir, prepare, prepare.

*Sol.* I, for another world: I must repent first.

*Tor.* Quickly then.

*Sol.* Then first I repent that sin of being a  
 Courtier.

D d 4

And

And secondly, the greatest sin one can commit in that place, the speaking of truth,

*Tor.* Have you no more sins?

*Sol.* Some few trifles more, not worth the remembering;

Drinking, and whoring, and swearing, and such like:

But for those let 'em pass.

*Tor.* Have you done now? (by.

*Sol.* Only some good counsel to the standers,

*Tor.* We thank you for that, Sir.

*Sol.* Nay, Gentlemen, mistake me not;

'Tis not that I love you, but because 'tis a thing of course

For dying men.

*Tor.* Let's have it then.

*Sol.* First then, if any of you are fools (as I think that

But a needless question) be fools still, and labour still

In that vocation, then the worst will be but whipping;

Where, but for seeming wise, the best is racking.

But if you have the luck to be Court-fools, those that have

Either wit or honesty, you may fool withal, and spare not:

But for those that want either,

You'll find it rather dangerous than otherwise;  
I could give you a modern

Instance or two, but let that pass: but if you  
 happen to be State-fools, then 'tis  
 But fooling on the right side, and all's well; then  
 you shall at least be  
 Wise mens fellows, if not wise mens masters,  
 But of all things take heed of giving any man  
 good counsel,  
 You see what I have got by it; and yet like  
 a foo, must  
 I be doing on't again.

*Tor.* Is this all?

*Sol.* All, but a little in my own behalf. Re-  
 member, Gentlemen,  
 I am at full growth; and my joynts are knit;  
 and yet  
 My sinews are not Cables.

*Tor.* Well, we'll remember't.

*Sol.* But stay, Gentlemen, what think you of  
 a bottle now?

*Tor.* I hope you are more serious.

*Sol.* If you knew but how dry a thing this for-  
 row is,  
 Especially meeting with my constitution;  
 which is

As thirsty as any Serving-mans.

*Tor.* Let him have it, it may be 'twill make  
 him confess.

*Sol.* Yes, I shall, I shall lay before you all that's  
 within me,  
 And with most fluent utterance,

Here's

Here's to you all Gentlemen, and let him that's good

Natur'd in his drink, pledge me. [*Drinks.*]

So, me-thinks I feel it in my joynts already,

It makes 'em supple. [*Drinks again.*]

Now I feel it in my brains, it makes 'em swim.

*Tor.* Hold, Sir, you have no measure of your self.

*Sol.* What do you talk of measure, you'll take Measure of me with a vengeance?

*Tor.* You are witty, Sir.

*Sol.* Nothing but a poor clinch;

I have a thousand of them (a trick I learn't

amongst the States-men.) [*Drinks again.*]

Well rack, I defie thee, do thy worst;

I would thou wer't Man, Gyant, or Monster.

Gentlemen, now if I happen to fall asleep

Upon this Engine, pray wake me not too suddenly;

You see here's good store of wine, and if it be

Over-rackt, 'twill come up with lees and all;

There I was with you again, and now I am for you, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince, being blind, solus.*

*Prince.* Nat ure,

How didst thou mock mankind to make him free

And yet to make him fear; or when he lost

That freedom, why did he not lose his fear?

That

That fear of fears, the fear of what we know not,  
While yet we know it is in vain to fear it :

Death, and what follows death, 'twas that that  
stamp'd

A terrour on the brow of Kings ; that gave  
Fortune her Deity, and Jove his thunder.

Banish but fear of death, those Giant names  
Of Majesty, Power, Empire, finding nothing  
To be their object, will be nothing too :

Then he dares yet be free that dares to die,  
May laugh at the grim face of Law and scorn,  
The cruel wrinkle of a Tyrants brow :

But yet to die so tamely,  
O'recome by passion and misfortune,

And still unconquer'd by my foes, sounds ill ;  
Below the temper of my spirit :

Yet to embrace a life so poor, so wretched,  
So full of deaths, argues a greater dulness ;

But I am dead already, nor can suffer  
More in the other world. For what is Hell,

But a long sleepless night ? and what's their  
torment,

But to compare past joys with present sorrows ?  
And what can death deprive me of ? the sight

Of day, of children, friends, and hope of Empire ;  
And whatsoever others lose in death,

In life I am depriv'd of ; then I will live  
Only to die reveng'd : nor will I go

Down to the shades alone.  
Prompt me some witty, some revengeful Devil,

His

His Devil that could make a bloody feast  
Of his own son, and call the gods his guests;  
Her's that could kill her aged Sire, and cast  
Her Brothers scatter'd limbs to Wolves and Vul-  
tures;

Or his that slew his Father, to enjoy  
His mothers bed; and greater than all those,  
My fathers Devil.

Come mischief, I embrace thee; fill my soul:  
And thou Revenge ascend, and bear the Scepter  
O're all my passions; banish thence  
All that are cool, and tame,

Know old Tyrant,

My heart's too big to break, I know thy fears  
Exceed my sufferings; and my revenge,  
Though but in hope, is much a greater pleasure  
Than thou canst take in punishing. Then my  
anger

Sink to the Center of my heart, and there  
Lie close in ambush, till my seeming patience  
Hath made the cruel Tyrant as secure,  
Though with as little cause, as now he's jealous.  
Whole there? *Enter two or three.*

I find my nature would return  
To her old course, I feel an inclination  
To some repose; welcome thou pleasing slumber:  
A while embrace me in thy leaden arms,  
And charm my careful thoughts:  
Conduct me to my bed.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

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*Enter King, Haly and Caliph.*

*King.* How do's the Prince ? how bears he  
his restraint ?

*Ha.* Why, Sir, as all great spirits  
Bear great and sudden changes, with such impa-  
tience

As a *Numidian* Lion, when first caught,  
Endures the toyl that holds him.

He would think of nothing  
But present death, and sought all violent means  
To compass it. But time hath mitigated  
Those furious heats, he now returns to food  
And sleep, admits the conversation  
Of those that are about him.

*King.* I would I had not  
So easily believ'd my fears, I was too sudden ;  
I would it were undone.

*Cal.* If you lament it,  
That which now looks like Justice, will be  
thought

An inconsiderate rashness.

*King.* But there are in nature  
Such strong returns ! That I punisht him,  
I do not grieve ; but that he was my Son.

*Ha.* But it concerns you to bear up your  
passion,  
And make it good ; for if the people know,  
That you have cause to grieve for what is done,  
They'll

They'll think you had no cause at first to do it,  
*King to the Ca.* Go visit him from me, and  
 teach him patience ;

Since neither all his fury, nor my sorrow  
 Can help what's past, tell him my severity  
 To him shall in some measure be requited,  
 By my indulgence to his children. And if he de-  
 fire it,

Let them have access to him: endeavour to  
 take off

His thoughts from revenge, by telling him of  
 Paradise, and I know not what pleasures  
 In the other world.

*Cal.* I shall, Sir. *Ex. King and C. Ma. Haly.*

*Enter Mirvan.*

*Ha. Mirvan,* The King relents, and now  
 there's left

No refuge but the last ; he must be poysoned :  
 And suddenly, lest he survive his Father.

*Mir.* But handsomly, lest it appear.

*Ha.* Appear !

To whom? you know there's none about him  
 But such as I have plac't; and they shall say  
 'Twas discontent, or abstinence.

*Mir.* But at the best  
 I will be suspected.

*Ha.* Why thought't be known,  
 We'll say he poysoned himself.

*Mir.* But the curious will pry further  
 Than bare report, and the old King's suspicions.  
 Have piercing eyes. *Ha.*

*Ha.* But those nature  
Will shortly close: you see his old disease  
Grows strong upon him.

*Mir.* But if he should recover?

*Ha.* But I have cast his Nativity; he cannot,  
he must not.

I'th' mean time I have so besieg'd him,  
So blockt up all the passages, and plac'd  
So many Centinels and Guards upon him,  
That no intelligence can be convey'd  
But by my instruments. But this business will  
require

More heads and hands than ours: Go you to  
the prison,  
And bring the Keeper privately to me,  
To give him his instructions. *Ex. several ways.*

*Enter Prince and Caliph.*

*Cal.* Sir, I am commanded by the King  
To visit you.

*Prince.* What, to give a period to my life,  
And to his fears? You're welcome; here's a  
throat,

A heart, or any other part, ready to let  
In death, and receive his commands.

*Ca.* My Lord, I am no messenger, nor minister  
of death,

'Tis not my function.

*Prince.* I should know that voice.

*Ca.*

*Ca.* I am the *Caliph*, and am come to tell you,  
your Father

Is now return'd to himself : Nature ha's got  
The victory o're passion, all his rigour  
Is turn'd to grief and pity.

*Prince.* Alas good man !

I pity him, and his infirmities ;  
His doubts, and fears, and accidents of age,  
Which first provok'd his cruelty.

*Ca.* He bid me tell you,  
His love to yours should amply recompence  
His cruelty to you : And I dare say 'tis real ;  
For all his thoughts, his pleasures, and delights,  
Are fixt on *Fatyma* : when he is sad,  
She comforts him ; when sick, she's his Physician,  
And were it not for the delight he takes  
In her, I think hee'd die with sorrow.

*Prince.* But how, are his affections fixt so  
strangely

On her alone ? sure 'tis not in his nature ;  
For then he had lov'd me, or hated her,  
Because she came from me.

*Ca.* 'Tis her desert,  
She's fair beyond comparison, and witty  
Above her age ; and bears a manly spirit  
Above her sex.

*Prince.* But may not I admire her ?  
Is that too great a happiness ? pray let her  
make it

Her next suit to be permitted to visit me her self.

*Ca.*

*Ca.* She shall, Sir : I joy to see your mind  
So well compos'd ; I fear'd I should have found  
A tempest in your soul, and came to lay it.  
Ile to the King ;  
I know to him that news will be  
Most acceptable.

*Prince.* Pray do, and tell him  
I have cast off all my passions, and am now  
A man again ; fit for society  
And conversation.

*Ca.* I will Sir.

*Exit.*

*Prince.* I never knew my self till now ; how on  
the sudden  
I'm grown an excellent dissembler, to out-do  
One at the first, that has practiz'd it all his life :  
So now I am my self again, what is't  
I feel within ? Me thinks some vast design  
Now takes possession of my heart, and swells  
My labouring thoughts above the common  
bounds  
Of humane actions, something full of horror  
My soul hath now decreed, my heart does beat,  
As if 'twere forging thunder-bolts for *Jove*,  
To strike the Tyrant dead : So now, I have it,  
I have it, 'tis a gallant mischief,  
Worthy my Father, or my Fathers Son.  
All his delight's in *Fatyma*, poor innocent !  
But not more innocent than I, and yet  
My Father loves thee, and that's crime enough.  
By this act, old Tyrant,

Ee

I shall be quit with thee : while I was virtuous,  
 I was a stranger to thy bloud, but now  
 Sure thou wilt love me for this horrid crime,  
 It is so like thy own. In this I'm sure,  
 Although in nothing else, I am thy Son :  
 But when 'tis done, I leave him yet that remedy  
 I take my self, Revenge ; but I as well  
 Will rob him of his anger, as his joy,  
 And having sent her to the shades,  
 I'll follow her.

But to return again, and dwell  
 In his dire thoughts, for there's the blacker hell.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, your wife the Princess is come to  
 visit you.

*Prince.* Conduct her in ; now to my disguise  
 again.

*Enter Princess.*

*Princess.* Is this my Lord the Prince ?

*Prince.* That's *Erythæa*,

Or some Angel voyc't like her. 'Tis she, my  
 struggling soul

Would fain go out to meet and welcome her.

*Erythæa !*

No answer but in sighs (dear *Erythæa* ?)

Thou cam'st to comfort, to support my suffer-  
 ings,

Not to oppress me with a greater weight,

To see that my Unhappiness

Involves thee too.

*Prin-*

*Princess.* My Lord, in all your triumphs and  
your glories,

You call'd me into all your joys, and gave me  
An equal share, and in this depth of misery  
Can I be unconcern'd? you needs must know,  
You needs must hope I cannot; or which is  
worse,

You must suspect my love: for what is love  
But sympathy? And this I make my happiness,  
Since both cannot be happy,  
That we can both be miserable.

*Prince.* I prithee do not say thou lov'st me;  
For love, or finds out equals, or makes 'em so:  
But I am so cast down, and fal'n so low,  
I cannot rise to thee, and dare not wish  
Thou should'st descend to me; but call it pity,  
And I will own it then, that Kings may give  
To beggars, and not lessen their own greatness:

*Princess.* Till now I thought virtue had stood  
above

The reach of fortune; but if virtue be not,  
Yet love's a greater Deity: whatever fortune  
Can give or take, love wants not, or despises;  
Or by his own omnipotence supplies:  
Then like a God with joy beholds  
The beauty of his own Creations.  
Thus what we form and image to our fancies,  
We really possess.

*Prince.* But can thy imagination  
Delude it self, to fix upon an object

E c 2

So

So lost in miseries, so old in sorrows ;  
 Paleness and death hang on my cheek, and  
 darkness  
 Dwells in my eyes ; more chang'd from what I  
 was  
 In person than in fortune.

*Princess.* Yet still the same to me :  
 Alas my Lord, these outward beauties are but  
 the props and scaffolds  
 On which we built our love, which now made  
 perfect,  
 Stands without those supports : nor is my flame  
 So earthy as to need the dull material fuel  
 Of eyes, or lips, or cheeks, still to be kindled,  
 And blown by appetite, or else t' expire :  
 My fires are purer, and like those of Heaven,  
 Fed only, and contented with themselves,  
 Need nothing from without.

*Prince.* But the disgrace that waites upon mis-  
 fortune,  
 The meer reproach, the shame of being mise-  
 rable,  
 Exposes men to scorn and base contempt,  
 Even from their nearest friends.

*Princess.* Love is so far from scorning misery,  
 That he delights in't, and is so kindly cruel,  
 Sometimes to wish it, that he may be alone ;  
 In stead of all, of fortunes, honours, friends,  
 which are  
 But meer diversions from loves proper object,  
 Which



Which only is it self.

*Prince.* Thou hast almost  
Taught me to love my miseries, and forgive  
All my misfortunes. I'll at least forget 'em;  
We will revive those times, and in our memo-  
ries

Preserve, and still keep fresh (like flowers in  
water)

Those happier days : when at our eyes our  
souls

Kindled their mutual fires, their equal beams  
Shot and returned, till linkt, and twin'd in one,  
They chain'd our hearts together.

*Princess.* And was it just, that fortune should  
begin

Her tyranny, where we began our loves?  
No, if it had, why was not I blind too?  
I'm sure if weeping could have don't, I had  
been.

*Prince.* Think not that I am blind, but think it  
night,

A season for our loves, and which to lovers  
Ne'er seems too long; and think of all our mis-  
eries,

But as some melancholy dream which has a-  
wak't us,

To the renewing of our joys.

*Princess.* My Lord, this is a temper  
Worthy the old Philosophers.

*Prince.* I but repeat that lesson

Which I have learnt from thee. All this morality  
Thy love hath taught me.

*Princess.* My Lord, you wrong your virtue,  
T' ascribe the effect of that to any cause  
Less noble than 'it self.

*Prince.* And you your love,  
To think it is less noble, or less powerful,  
Than any the best virtue : and I fear thy love  
Will wrong it self ; so long a stay will make  
The jealous King suspect we have been plotting:  
How do the pledges of our former love ;  
Our Children ?

*Princess.* Both happy in their Grandfires love,  
especially  
The pretty *Fatyma* ; yet she  
According to her apprehension feels  
A sence of your misfortunes.

*Prince.* But let her not too much express it,  
Lest she provoke his fury.

*Princess.* She only can allay it  
When 'tis provok't ; she  
Plays with his rage, and gets above his anger ;  
As you have seen a little boat  
To mount and dance upon the wave, that  
threatens  
To overwhelm it.

*Prince.* To threaten is to save, but his anger  
Strikes us like thunder, where the blow out-flies  
The loud report, and even prevents mens fears.

*Princess.* But then like thunder

It

It rends a Cedar, or an Oak, or finds  
Some strong resisting matter ; women and chil-  
dren

Are not Subjects worthy a Princes anger.

*Prince.* Whatsoever

Is worthy of their love is worth their anger.

*Princess.* Love's a more natural motion; they  
are angry

As Princes, but love as men.

*Prince.* Once more I beg,

Make not thy love thy danger.

*Princess.* My Lord, I see with what unwilling-  
ness

You lay upon me this command, and through  
your fears

Discern your love, and therefore must obey  
you.

*Exit.*

*Prince.* Farewell my dearest *Erythæa*.

There's a strange musick in her voice, the story  
Of *Orpheus*, which appears so bold a fiction,  
Was prophecy'd of thee; thy voyce has tam'd  
The Tygers and the Lions of my soul.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, your daughter *Fatyma*.

*Prince.* Conduct her in; how strangely am I  
tempted

With opportunity, which like a sudden gust  
Hath swell'd my calmer thoughts into a tem-  
pest?

Accursed opportunity !

Ec 4

Th

The Midwife and the Bawd to all our vices,  
That work't our thoughts into desires, desires  
To resolutions; those being ripe, and quickned,  
Thou giv'st 'em birth, and bring'st 'em forth to  
action.

*Enter Fat. and Messenger.*

*Prince.* Leave us, O opportunity!  
That when my dire and bloody resolutions,  
Like sick and froward children  
Were rockt asleep by reason or religion,  
Thou like a violent noise cam'st rushing in,  
And mak'st 'em wake and start to new unquiet-  
ness.

Come hither, pretty *Fatyma*,  
Thy Grandfires darling, sit upon my knee :  
He loves thee dearly.

*Fat.* I, Father, for your sake.

*Prince.* And for his sake I shall requite it.  
O virtue, virtue,  
Where art thou fled? thou wert my Reasons  
friend ;

But that like a deposed Prince has yielded  
His Scepter to his base usurping vassals ;  
And like a traitor to himself, takes pleasure  
In serving them.

*Fat.* But Father,  
I desir'd him that you might have liberty, and  
that

He would give you your eyes again.

*Prince.* Pretty Innocence !

'Tis

'Tis not i'th' art, nor power of man to do it.

*Fat.* Must you never see again then, Father?

*Prince.* No, not without a miracle.

*Fat.* Why Father, I can see with one eye,  
pray take one  
Of mine.

*Prince.* I would her innocent prate could  
overcome me :

O what a conflict do I feel ! how am I  
Toft like a ship 'twixt two encountring tides !  
Love that was banisht hence, would fain return  
And force an entrance, but revenge  
(That's now the Porter of my soul) is deaf,  
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of poyfon.  
Mighty revenge ! that single canst o'rethrow  
All those joynt powers, which nature, vertue,  
honour,  
Can raife against thee.

*Fat.* What do you seek for, your handker-  
chief? pray use mine;  
To drink the bloody moisture from your eyes;  
I'll shew't my Grandfather,  
I know 'twill make him weep.  
Why do you shake Father?  
Just so my Grandfire trembled at the instant  
Your sight was ta'en away.

*Prince.* And upon the like occasion.

*Fat.* O Father, what means the naked knife?

*Prince.* 'Tis to requite thy Grandfires love.

Prepare

To

To meet thy death.

*Fat.* O, 'tis I, 'tis I,  
Your daughter *Fatyma*!

*Prince.* I therefore do it.

*Fat.* Alas, was this the blessing my mother  
sent me to receive?

*Prince.* Thy Mother! *Erythæa*! There's some-  
thing in that

That shakes my resolution.

Poor *Erythæa*, how wretched shall I make thee,  
To rob thee of a Husband and a Child?

But which is worse, that first I fool'd and won  
thee

To a belief that all was well; and yet  
Shall I forbear a crime for love of thee,  
And not for love of virtue? But what's virtue?

A meer imaginary sound, a thing  
Of speculation; which to my dark soul,

Depriv'd of reason, is as indiscernable

As colours to my body, wanting sight.

Then being left to sense, I must be guided  
By something that my sense grasps and takes  
hold of;

On then my love, and fear not to encounter  
That Gyant, my revenge (alas poor *Fatyma*)

My Father loves thee, so do's *Erythæa*:

Whether shall I by justly plaguing

Him whom I hate, be more unjustly cruel

To her I love? Or being kind to her,

Be cruel to my self, and leave unsatisfied

OT

My

My anger and revenge? but Love, thou art  
 The nobler passion, and to thee I sacrifice  
 All my ungentle thoughts. *Fatyma* forgive me,  
 And seal it with a kiss: What is't I feel?  
 The spirit of revenge re-inforcing  
 New Arguments. Fly *Fatyma*,  
 Fly while thou may'st, nor tempt me to new  
 mischief,

By giving means to act it; to this ill  
 My will leads not my power, but power my  
 will.

*Ex. Fat.*

O what a tempest have I scap't, thanks to Heaven,

And *Erythæa's* love!

No: 'twas a poor, a low revenge, unworthy  
 My virtues, or my injuries, and  
 As now my fame, so then my infamy,  
 Would blot out his; And I in stead of his Empire,

Shall only be the heir of all his curses.

No: I'll be still my self, and carry with me  
 My innocence to th' other world, and leave  
 My fame to this: 'twill be a brave revenge  
 To raise my mind to a constancy, so high,  
 That may look down upon his threats, my patience

Shall mock his fury; nor shall he be so happy  
 To make me miserable: and my sufferings shall  
 Erect a prouder Trophy to my name,  
 Than all my prosperous actions: Every Pilot

Can

Can steer the ship in calms, but he performs  
The skilful part, can manage it in storms.

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Prince.*

*Prince.* If happiness be a substantial good,  
Not fram'd of accidents, nor subject to 'em,  
I err'd to seek it in a blind revenge,  
Or think it lost in loss of sight, or Empire ;  
'Tis something sure within us, not subjected  
To sense or sight, only to be discern'd  
By reason, my soul's eye, and that still sees  
Clearly, and clearer for the want of these ;  
For gazing through these windows of the body,  
It met such several, such distracting objects ;  
But now confin'd within it self, it sees  
A strange, and unknown world, and there disco-  
vers  
Torrents of Anger, Mountains of Ambition ;  
Gulfs of Desire, and Towers of Hope, huge  
Giants,  
Monsters, and savage Beasts ; to vanquish these,  
Will be a braver conquest than the old

Or



Or the new world,

O happiness of blindness ! now no beauty

Inflames my lust, no others good, my envy,

Or misery, my pity : no mans wealth

Draws my respect, nor poverty my scorn ;

Yet still I see enough. Man to himself

Is a large prospect, rays'd above the level

Of his low creeping thoughts ; if then I have

A world within my self, that world shall be

My Empire ; there I'll reign, commanding

freely,

And willingly obey'd, secure from fear

Of forraign forces, or domestick treasons,

And hold a Monarchy more free, more absolute

Than in my Fathers seat ; and looking down

With scorn or pity, on the slippery state

Of Kings, will tread upon the neck of Fate. *Ex.*

*Enter Bashaws disguis'd, with Haly.*

*I. Bash.* Sir, 'tis of near concernment, and imports

No less than the Kings life and honour.

*Ha.* May not I know it ?

*Bash.* You may, Sir. But in his presence we are sworn

T' impart it first to him.

*Ha.* Our Persian State descends not

To Interviews with strangers : But from whence Comes this discovery, or you that bring it ?

*2. Bash.*

2. *Bash.* We are, Sir, of *Natolia*.

*Ha.* *Natolia*? Heard you nothing  
Of two Villains that lately fled from hence?

1. *Bash.* The *Bashaws*, Sir?

*Ha.* The same.

2. *Bash.* They are nearer than you think for.

*Ha.* Where?

1. *Bash.* In *Persia*.

*Ha.* In arms again to 'tempt another slavery?

2. *Bash.* No, Sir, they made some weak at-  
tempts, presuming on

The reputation of their former greatness:

But having lost their fame and fortunes,

'Tis no wonder they lost their friends; now  
hopeless and forlorn

They are return'd, and somewhere live ob-  
scurely,

To expect a change in *Persia*; nor wil't be hard  
To find 'em.

*Ha.* Do't, and name your own rewards.

2. *Bash.* We dare do nothing till we have seen  
the King.

And then you shall command us.

*Ha.* Well, though 'tis not usual,

Ye shall have free access. *Exit Haly.*

*Enter King and Haly.*

1. *Bash.* Sir, there were two Turkish priso-  
ners lately fled

From hence for a suppos'd conspiracy  
Between the Prince and them.

*King.*

*King.* Where are the Villaines ?

*I. Bass.* This is the Villain, Sir ; *They pull off*  
And we the wrongfully accus'd: *their disguises.*

You gave life Sir,  
And we took it  
As a free noble gift ; but when we heard  
'Twas valued at the price of your Sons honour,  
We came to give it back, as a poor trifle,  
Priz'd at a rate too high.

*King. Haly,*  
I cannot think my favours plac'd so ill,  
To be so ill requited ; yet their confidence  
Has something in't that looks like innocence.

*Ha. aside.* Is't come to that ? then to my last  
and surest refuge.

*King.* Sure if the guilt were theirs, they could  
not charge thee  
With such a gallant boldness : If 'twere thine,  
Thou could'st not hear't with such a silent scorn ;  
I am amaz'd.

*Ha.* Sir, perplex your thoughts no further,  
They have truth to make 'em bold ;  
And I have power to scorn it : 'twas I, Sir,  
That betray'd him, and you, and them.

*King.* Is this impudence, or madness ?

*Ha.* Neither :  
A very sober, and sad truth --- to you, Sir.

*King.* A Guard there.

*Enter Mirvan, and others.*

*King.* Seize him.

*Ha.*

*Ha.* Seize them; now  
Though 'tis too late to learn, yet know  
'Gainst you are King again, what 'tis to let your  
Subjects

Dispose all offices of trust and power :  
The beast obeys his keeper, and looks up,  
Not to his masters, but his feeders hand ;  
And when you gave me power to dispense  
And make your favours mine, in the same hour  
You made your self my shadow : and 'twas my  
courtesie

To let you live, and raign so long.

*King.* Without there !

*Enter two or three, and joyn with the others.*

What none but Traytors ? Has this Villain  
Breath'd treason into all, and with that breath,  
Like a contagious vapour, blasted Loyalty ?  
Sure Hell it self hath sent forth all her Furies,  
T' inhabit and possess this place.

*Ha.* Sir, passions without power,  
Like seas against a rock, but lose their fury.

*Mirvan.* Take these Villains, and see 'em strang-  
led.

*I. Bash.* Farewell, Sir, commend us to your  
son, let him know,  
That since we cannot die his servants,  
We'll die his Martyrs.

*King.* Farewell, unhappy friends,  
A long farewell, and may you find rewards  
Great as your Innocence ; or which is more,

Great

Great as your wrongs.

2 *Bash.* Come, thou art troubled,  
Thou dost not fear to dye

1 *Bash.* No, but to lose my death,  
To sell my life so cheap, while this proud villain  
That takes it must survive.

2 *Bash.* We shall not lose our deaths,  
If Heaven can bear the cries of guiltless blood,  
Which sure it must; for I have heard th'are loud  
ones:

Vengeance shall overtake thee.

*Ha.* Away with 'em.

*King.* Stay, *Haly*, they are innocent; yet life,  
when 'tis thy gift,  
Is worse than death, I disdain to ask it.

1 *Bash.* And we to take it.

*Ha.* Do not ask it, Sir,

For them to whom you owe your ruine, they  
have undone you,  
Had not they told you this, you had liv'd se-  
cure,

And happy in your ignorance; but this injury,  
Since 'tis not in your nature to forgive it,  
I must not leave it in your power to punish it.

*King.* Heaven, though from thee I have de-  
serv'd this plague,

Be thou my Judge and Witness, from this vil-  
lain

'Tis undeserv'd.

Had I but felt your vengeance from some hand

Ff

Thas

That first had suffer'd mine, it had been justice :  
But have you sent this sad return of all  
My love, my trust, my favours?

*Ha.* Sir, there's a great resemblance  
Between your favours, and my injuries ;  
Those are too great to be requited, these  
Too great to be forgiven : and therefore  
'Tis but in vain to mention either.

*King. Mirza, Mirza,*  
How art thou lost by my deceiv'd credulity ?  
I'll beg thy pardon.

*Ha.* Stay, Sir, not without my leave :  
Go some of you, and let the people know  
The King keeps state, and will not come in  
publick :  
If any great affairs, or State addreses,  
Bring 'em to me.

*King.* How have I taught the villain  
To act my part ? but oh, my son, my son,  
Shall I not see thee ?

*Ha.* For once you shall, Sir,  
But you must grant me one thing.

*King.* Traytor, dost thou mock my miseries ?  
What can I give but this unhappy life ?

*Ha.* Alas ! Sir, it is but that I ask, and 'tis my  
modesty  
To ask it, it being in my power to take it :  
When you shall see him, Sir, to dye for pity,  
'Twere such a thing, 'twould so deceive the  
world,

And

And make the people think you were good  
natur'd ;

'Twill look so well in story, and become  
The stage so handsomly.

*King.* I ne're deny'd thee any thing, and shall  
not now

Deny thee this, though I could stand upright  
Under the tyranny of age and fortune ;  
Yet the sad weight of such ingratitude  
Will crush me into earth.

*Ha.* Lose not your tears, but keep  
Your lamentations for your son, or sins :  
For both deserve 'em : but you must make haste,  
Sir,

Or he'll not stay your coming. *He looks upon*  
'Tis now about the hour the poyson *a watch.*  
Must take effect.

*King.* Poyson'd? oh Heaven!

*Ha.* Nay, Sir, lose no time in wonder, both  
of us

Have much to do ; if you will see your Son,  
Here's one shall bring you to him. *Exit King.*

Some unskilful Pylot had shipwrackt here ;

But I not only against sure

And likely ill's have made my self secure :

But so confirm'd, and fortify'd my state,

To set it safe above the reach of Fate.

*Exit Haly.*

*Enter Prince led, Servant at the other door,  
Princess and Soffy.*

*Serv.* Sir, the Princess and your Son.

*Prince.* *Soffy*, thou com'st to wonder at  
Thy wretched father : why dost thou interrupt  
Thy happiness, by looking on an object  
So miserable ?

*Princess.* My Lord, methinks there is not in  
your voice  
The vigour that was wont, nor in your look  
The wonted chearfulness. Are you well, my  
Lord ?

*Prince.* No : but I shall be, I feel my health a  
coming.

*Princess.* What's your disease, my Lord ?

*Prince.* Nothing, but I have tane a Cordial,  
Sent by the King or *Haly*, in requital  
Of all my miseries, to make me happy :  
The pillars of this frame grow weak,  
As if the weight of many years oppress 'em ;  
My sinews slacken, and an icy stiffness  
Benums my blood.

*Princess.* Alas, I fear he's poysoned :  
Call all the help that Art, or Herbs, or Mi-  
nerals  
Can minister.

*Prince.* No, 'tis too late :  
And they that gave me this, are too well practis'd

In



In such an Art, to attempt and not perform.

*Princess.* Yet try my Lord, revive your thoughts, the Empire

Expects you, your Father's dying,

*Prince.* So when the ship is sinking,  
The winds that wrackt it cease.

*Princess.* Will you be the scorn of fortune,  
To come near a Crown, and only near it?

*Prince.* I am not fortunes scorn, but she is  
mine,  
More blind than I.

*Princess.* O tyranny of Fate! to bring  
Death in one hand, and Empire in the other;  
Only to shew us happiness, and then  
To snatch us from it.

*Prince.* They snatch me to it;  
My soul is on her journey, do not now  
Divert, or lead her back, to lose her self  
I'th' amaze, and winding labyrinths o'th' world:  
I preethee do not weep, thy love is that  
I part with most unwillingly, or otherwise  
I had not staid till rude necessity  
Had forc'd me hence.

*Soffy,* be not a man too soon,  
And when thou art, take heed of too much  
vertue;

It was thy Fathers, and his only crime,  
'Twill make the King suspicious; yet ere time,  
By natures course has ripened thee to man,  
'Twill mellow him to dust; till then forget

I was thy Father, yet forget it not,  
 My great example shall excite thy thoughts  
 To noble actions. And you, dear *Erythea*,  
 Give not your passions vent, nor let blind fury  
 Precipitate your thoughts, nor set 'em working,  
 Till time shall lend 'em better means and in-  
 struments

Than lost complaints. Where's pretty *Fatyma*?  
 She must forgive my rash ungentle passion,

*Princess*. What do you mean, Sir?

*Prince*. I am a sham'd to tell you,

I prethee call her.

*Princess*. I will, Sir, I pray try  
 If sleep will ease your torments, and repair  
 Your wasted spirits.

*Prince*. Sleep to those empty lids  
 Is grown a stranger, and the day and night,  
 As undistinguish'd by my sleep, as light.

O happiness of poverty! that rests

Securely on a bed of living turfe,

While we with waking cares and restless  
 thoughts,

Lye tumbling on our downe, courting the blef-  
 sing

Of a short minutes slumber, which the Plough-  
 man

Shakes from him, as a ransom'd slave his fetters:

Call in some Musick, I have heard soft airs

Can charm our senses, and expel our cares.

Is *Erythea* gone?

*Serv.*

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Prince.* 'Tis well:

I would not have her present at my death.

*Enter Musick.*

**S**Omrus the humble God, that dwells  
In cottages and smoakie cells,  
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;  
And though he fears no Princes frown,  
Flies from the circle of a Crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful God,  
And thy Leaden charming Rod,  
Dipt in the Lethæan Lake,  
O're his wakeful temples shake,  
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so  
Obliged to thy greatest Foe?  
Sleep that is thy best repast,  
Yet of death it bears a taste,  
And both are the same thing at last.

*Serv.* So now he sleeps, let's leave him  
To his repose.

*Enter King.*

*King.* The horror of this place presents  
The horror of my crimes, I fain would ask

F f 4

What

What I am loth to hear ; but I am well prepar'd :  
 They that are past all hope of good, are past  
 All fear of ill : and yet if he be dead,  
 Speak softly, or uncertainly.

*Phy.* Sir, he sleeps.

*King.* O that's too plain, I know thou mean'st  
 his last,

His long, his endless sleep.

*Phy.* No, Sir, he lives ; but yet  
 I fear the sleep you speak of will be his next :  
 For nature, like a weak and weary traveller,  
 Tir'd with a tedious and rugged way,  
 Not by desire provokt, but even betray'd  
 By weariness and want of spirits,  
 Gives up her self to this unwilling slumber.

*King.* Thou hast it, *Haly*, 'tis indeed a sad  
 And sober truth, though the first  
 And only truth thou ever told'st me :  
 And 'tis a fatal sign, when Kings hear truth,  
 Especially when flatterers dare speak it.

*Prince.* I thought I heard my Father, does he  
 think the poyson

Too slow, and comes to see the operation ?

*Prince Awakes.*

Or does he think his engine dull, or honest ?  
 Less apt to execute, than he to bid him :  
 He needs not, 'tis enough, it will succeed  
 To his expectation.

*King.* 'Tis indeed thy Father,  
 Thy wretched Father ; but so far from acting

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New cruelties, that if those already past,  
 Acknowledg'd and repented of, can yet  
 Receive a pardon, by those mutual bonds  
 Nature has seal'd between us, which though I  
 Have cancell'd, thou hast still preserv'd in-  
 violate;

I beg thy pardon.

*Prince.* Death in it self appears  
 Lovely and sweet, not only to be pardoned,  
 But wisht for, had it come from any other  
 hand,

But from a Father; a Father,  
 A name so full of life, of love, of pity:  
 Death from a Fathers hand, from whom I first  
 Receiv'd a being, 'tis a preposterous gift,  
 An act at which inverted Nature starts  
 And blushes to behold her self so cruel.

*King.* Take thou that comfort with thee, and  
 be not deaf to truth:

By all that's holy, by the dying accents  
 Of thine, and my last breath, I never meant,  
 I never wisht it: sorrow has so over-fraught  
 This sinking bark, I shall not live to shew  
 How I abhor, or how I would repent  
 My first rash crime; but he that now  
 Has poyson'd thee, first poyson'd me with jea-  
 lousie,

A foolish causeless jealousy.

*Prince.* Since you believe my innocence,  
 I cannot but believe your sorrow:

But

But does the villain live? A just revenge  
Would more become the sorrows of a King,  
Than womanish complaints.

*King.* O *Mirza*, *Mirza*!

I have no more the power to do it,  
Than thou to see it done: My Empire *Mirza*,  
My Empire's lost: thy virtue was the rock  
On which it firmly stood, that being under-  
min'd,

It sunk with its own weight; the villain whom  
my breath created,  
Now braves it in my Throne.

*Prince.* O for an hour of life; but 'twill not  
be:

Revenge and justice we must leave to Heaven.  
I would say more, but death has taken in the out-  
works,

And now assails the fort; I feel, I feel him  
Gnawing my heart-strings: Farewel, and yet I  
would.--- *Dies.*

*King.* O stay, stay but a while, and take me  
with thee;

Come Death, let me embrace thee, thou that  
wert

The worst of all my fears, art now the best  
Of all my hopes. But Fate, why hast thou  
added

This curse to all the rest? the love of life;  
We love it, and yet hate it; death we loath,  
And still desire; flye to it, and yet fear it.

*Enter*

*Enter Princess and Saffy.*

*Princess.* He's gone, he's gone for ever :

O that the poyson had mistaken his,  
And met this hated life ; but cruel Fate  
Envied so great a happiness : Fate that still  
Flies from the wretched, and pursues the blest.  
Ye Heaven's ! But why should I complain to  
them

That hear me not, or bow to those that hate  
me ?

Why should your curses so out-weigh your  
blessings ?

They come but single, and long expectation  
Takes from their value : but these fall upon us  
Double and sudden.

*Sees the King.*

Yet more of horror, then farewell my tears,  
And my just anger be no more confin'd  
To vain complaints, or self-devouring silence ;  
But break, break forth upon him like a deluge,  
And the great spirit of my injur'd Lord  
Possess me, and inspire me with a rage

Great as thy wrongs, and let me call together  
All my Souls powers, to throw a curse upon  
him

Black as his crimes.

*King.* O spare your anger, 'tis lost ;  
For he whom thou accusest has already  
Condemn'd himself, and is as miserable  
As thou canst think, or wish him ; spit upon me,  
Cast all reproaches on me, womans wit

Or

Or malice can invent, I'll thank thee for them;  
 What e're can give me a more lively sence  
 Of my own crimes, that so I may repent 'em.

*Princess.* O cruel Tyrant! couldst thou be so  
 barbarous

To a Son as noble as thy self art vile?  
 That knew no other crime, but too much  
 vertue;

Nor could deserve so great a punishment  
 For any fault, but that he was thy Son?  
 Now not content to exceed all other Tyrants,  
 Exceed'st thy self: first robbing him of sight,  
 Then seeming by a fain'd and forc'd repentance,  
 To expiate that crime, didst win him to  
 A false security, and now by poyson  
 Hast rob'd him of his life.

*King.* Were but my soul as pure  
 From other guilts as that, Heaven did not hold  
 One more immaculate. Yet what I have done,  
 He dying did forgive me, and hadst thou been  
 present,

Thou wouldst have done the same: for thou  
 art happy,

Compar'd to me; I am not only miserable,  
 But wicked too; thy miseries may find  
 Pity, and help from others; but mine make me  
 The scorn, and the reproach of all the world;  
 Thou, like unhappy Merchants, whose adventures

Are dash't on rocks, or swallow'd up in storms,  
 Ow'st



Ow'st all thy losses to the Fates : but I  
 Like wastful Prodigals, have cast away  
 My happiness, and with it all mens pity :  
 Thou seest how weak and wretched guilt can  
 make,  
 Even Kings themselves, when a weak woman's  
 anger  
 Can master mine.

*Princess.* And your sorrow  
 As much o'recomes my anger, and turns into  
 melting pity.

*King.* Pity not me, nor yet deplore your  
 husband :

But seek the safety of your son, his innocence  
 Will be too weak a guard, when nor my great-  
 ness,

Nor yet his fathers vertues could protect us.

Go on my Boy, the just revenge of all *To Sophy.*

Our wrongs I recommend to thee and Heaven :

I feel my weakness growing strong upon me :

*Exeunt.*  
 Death, thou art he that wilt not flatter Princes,

That stoops not to authority, nor gives

A specious name to tyranny : but shews

Our actions in their own deformed likeness.

Now all those cruelties which I have acted,

To make me great, or glorious, or secure,

Look like the hated crimes of other men.

*Enter.*

*Enter Physician.*

*King.* O save, save me! who are those that stand,  
And seem to threaten me?

*Phy.* There's no body, 'tis nothing  
But some fearful dream.

*King.* Yes, that's my brothers ghost, whose  
birth-right stood  
'Twixt me and Empire, like a spreading Cedar  
That grows to hinder some delightful prospect,  
Him I cut down.

Next my old Fathers Ghost, whom I impatient  
To have my hopes delay'd, hastned by violence  
before his fatal day;

Then my enraged Son, who seems to becken,  
And hale me to him. I come, I come, ye Ghosts,  
The greatest of you all; but sure one hell's  
Too little to contain me, and too narrow  
For all my crimes.

*Dies.**Enter Mirvan and Haly at several doors.*

*Haly.* Go muster all the City-Bands; pretend  
To prevent sudden tumults,  
But indeed to settle the succession.

*Mir.* My Lord, you are too sudden, you'll  
take 'em unprepar'd;  
Alas, you know their consciences are tender.  
Scandal and scruple must be first remov'd,  
They must be pray'd and preach'd into a tu-  
mult:

But

But for succession,  
Let us agree on that; there's *Calamab*  
The eldest Son by the Arabsan Lady,  
A gallant youth.

*Ha.* I, too gallant, his proud spirit will disdain  
To owe his greatness to anothers gift:  
Such gifts as Crowns, transcending all requital,  
Turn injuries.

No, *Mirvan*; he must be dull and stupid, lest  
he know

Wherefore we made him King.

*Mir.* But he must be good natur'd, tractable,  
And one that will be govern'd.

*Ha.* And have so much wit to know whom  
he's beholding to.

*Mir.* But why, my Lord, should you look fur-  
ther than your self?

*Ha.* I have had some such thoughts; but I  
consider

The Persian State will not endure a King  
So meanly born; no, He rather be the same I  
am,

In place the second, but the first in power.

*Solyman* the Son of the Georgian Lady  
Shall be the man: what noise is that?

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord, the Princes late victorious  
Army  
Is marching towards the Palace, b. eathing no-  
thing

But

But fury and revenge ; to them are joyn'd  
 All whom desire of change, or discontent,  
 Excites to new attempts, their Leaders  
*Abdal and Morat.*

*Ha.* *Abdal and Morat ! Mirvan,* we are lost,  
 fallen from the top  
 Of all our hopes, and cast away like Saylers,  
 Who scaping Seas, and Rocks, and Tempests,  
 perish  
 I'th' very Port ; so are we lost i'th' sight  
 And reach of all our wishes.

*Mir.* How has our intelligence fail'd us so  
 strangely ?

*Ha.* No, no, I knew they were in mutiny ;  
 But they could ne're have hurt us,  
 Had they not come at this instant period,  
 This point of time : had he liv'd two days  
 longer,  
 A pardon to the Captains, and a largess  
 Among the Souldiers, had appeas'd their fury :  
 Had he dy'd two days sooner, the succession  
 Had as we pleas'd, been settled, and secur'd  
 By *Soffy's* death. Gods, that the world should  
 turn

On minutes, and on moments !

*Mir.* My Lord, lose not your self  
 In passion, but take counsel from necessity ;  
 I'll to 'em, and will let them know  
 The Prince is dead, and that they come too late  
 To give him liberty ; for love to him

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Has bred their discontents: I'll tell them  
boldly,

That they have lost their hopes.

*Ha.* And tell them too,

As they have lost their hopes o'th' one, they have  
lost

Their fears o'th' other: tell their Leaders we

Their counsel in the next succession;

Which if it meet disturbance,

Then we shall crave assistance from their power;

Which Fate could not have sent in a more

happy hour. *Exit Mirvan.*

*Enter Lords, Caliph.*

*Cal.* My Lord,

Ye hear the news, the Princes Army is at the  
gate.

*Ha.* I, I hear it, and feel it here; [*Aside.*

But the succession, that's the point

That first requires your counsel.

*Cal.* Who should succeed, but *Soffy*?

*Ha.* What I in such times as these, when such  
an Army

Lies at our gates, to chuse a Child our King?

You, my Lord *Caliph*, are better read in story,

And can discourse the fatal consequences

When Children reign.

*Cal.* My Lords, if you'll be guided

By reason and example.----

*Enter Abdal and Morat.*

*Ha.* My Lords, you come most opportunely,

we were entring                      G g                      Into

Into dispute about the next succession.

*Ab.* Who dares dispute it? we have a powerful argument

Of forty thousand strong, that shall confute him.

*Cal.* A powerful argument indeed.

*Ab.* I, such a one as will puzzle all your Logick

And distinctions to answer it;

And since we came too late for the performance

Of our intended service to the Prince,

The wronged Prince, we cannot more express

Our loyalty to him, than in the right

Of his most hopeful Son.

*Ha.* But is he not too young?

*Mor.* Sure you think us so too; but he, and we

Are old enough to look through your disguise,

And under that to see his Fathers Enemies.

*A Guard there.*

*Enter Guard.*

*Mor.* Seize him, and you that, could shew reason or example.

*Ha.* Seize me! for what?

*Ab.* Canst thou remember such a name as *Mirza*,  
And ask for what?

*Ha.* That name I must remember, and with  
horror;

But few have dyed for doing,

What they had dy'd for if they had not done:

It

It was the Kings command, and I was only  
Th' unhappy minister.

*Ab.* I, such a minister as wind to fire,  
That adds an accidental fierceness to  
Its natural fury.

*Mor.* If 'twere the Kings command, 'twas first  
thy malice  
Commanded that command, and then obey'd it.

*Ha.* Nay, if you have resolv'd it, truth and  
reason

Are weak and idle arguments;  
But let me pity the unhappy instruments  
Of Princes wills, whose anger is our fate,  
And yet their love's more fatal than their hate.

*Ab.* And how well that love hath been re-  
quired,

*Mirvan* your Confident,  
By torture has confess'd.

*Mor.* The story of the King, and of the Ba-  
shaws.

*Ha.* *Mirvan*, poor-spirited wretch, thou hast  
deceiv'd me;

Nay then farewell my hopes, and next my fears.

*Enter Soffy.*

*So.* What horrid noise was that of drums and  
Trumpets, that struck my Ear?

What mean these bonds? could not my Grand-  
fires jealousy

Be satisfied upon his Son, but now  
Must seize his dearest Favourite? sure my turn

comes next.

G g 2

*Ab.*

*Ab.* 'Tis come already, Sir; but to succeed  
him, not them:  
Long live King *Soffy*.

*Without Drums and Trumpets.*

*So.* But why are these men prisoners?

*Ab.* Let this inform you.

*So.* But is my Grandfire dead?

*Ab.* As sure as we are alive.

*So.* Then let 'em still be prisoners, away with  
'em;

Invite our Mother from her sad retirement,  
And all that suffer for my Fathers love,  
Restraint or punishment.

*Enter Princess.*

*So.* Dear Mother, make  
Our happiness compleat, by breaking through  
That cloud of sorrow,  
And let us not be wanting to our selves,  
Now th' heavens have done their part,  
Lest so severe and obstinate a sadness  
Tempt a new vengeance.

*Princess.* Sir, to comply with you I'll use  
a violence

Upon my nature; Joy is such a forrainer,  
So meer a stranger to my thoughts, I know  
Not how to entertain him; but sorrow  
Ill made by custom so habitual,  
'Tis now part of my nature.

*So.* But can no pleasure, no delight divert it?  
Greatness, or power, which women most affect,

If



ceed If that can do it, rule me, and rule my Empire.

*Princess.* Sir, seek not to rob me of my tears,  
Fortune

*Pets.* Her self is not so cruel ; for my counsels  
Then may be unsuccessful, but my prayers  
Shall wait on all your actions.

*Enter Solymán, as from the Rack. Guard.*

*So.* Alas poor *Solymán*, how is he altered ?

*Sol.* Why, because I would not accuse your  
Father, when your Grandfather  
Saw he could not stretch my conscience, thus he  
has

Stretcht my carkass.

*Mor.* I think they have stretcht his wit too.

*Sol.* This is your Fathers love that lyes thus  
in my bones ;

I might have lov'd all the Pocky Whores in Per-  
sia, and

Have felt it less in my bones.

*So.* Thy faith and honesty shall be rewarded  
According to thine own desire.

*Sol.* Friend, I pray thee tell me where-about  
my knees are,

I would fain kneel to thank his Majesty :

Why Sir, for the present my desire is only to have  
A good Bone-setter, and when your Majesty has  
— done that office

To the Body Politick, and some skilful  
Man to this body of mine (which if it had been  
a Body

Politick, had never come to this) I shall by  
 that  
 Time think on something for my suffering :  
 But must none of these great ones be Hang'd  
 for  
 Their villanies ? (*Aside.*)

*Mor.* Yes certainly.

*Sol.* Then I need look no further, some of  
 their estates  
 Will serve my turn.

*So.* Bring back those villains.

*Enter Haly and Caliph.*

*So.* Now to your tears, dear Madam, and the  
 Ghost

Of my dead Father, will I consecrate  
 The first fruits of my justice : Let such honours  
 And funeral rites, as to his birth and vertues  
 Are due, be first performed, then all that were  
 Actors, or Authors of so black a deed,  
 Be sacrific'd as Victims to his Ghost :  
 First thou, my holy Devil, that couldst varnish  
 So foul an act with the fair name of Piety :  
 Next thou, th' abuser of thy Princes ear.

*Cal.* Sir, I beg your mercy.

*Ha.* And I a speedy death, nor shall my reso-  
 lution

Disarm it self, nor condescend to parley  
 With foolish hope.

*So.* 'Twere cruelty to spare 'em, I am sorry

I

I must commence my reign in blood, but duty  
And justice to my fathers soul exact  
This cruel piety ; let's study for a punishment,  
A feeling one,  
And borrow from our sorrow so much time,  
T' invent a torment equal to their crime.

*Exeunt.*

---

*F I N I S.*

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## The Epilogue.

**T**Is done, and we alive again, and now  
There is no Tragedy, but in your brow.  
And yet our Author hopes you are pleas'd, if not ;  
This having fail'd, he has a second Plot :  
'Tis this ; the next day send us in your friends,  
Then laugh at them, and make your selves amends.  
Thus, whether it be good or bad, yet you  
May please your selves, and you may please us too :  
But look you please the Poet, lest he vow  
A full revenge upon you all, but how ?  
'Tis not to kill you all twenty a day,  
He'l do't at once, a more compendious way ;  
He means to write again ; but so much worse,  
That seeing that, you'l think it a just curse  
For censuring this : 'Faith give him your applause,  
As you give Beggars money ; for no cause,  
But that he's troublesome, and he has swore,  
As Beggars do, he'l trouble you no more.

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